

THE
HISTORY
OF
Sir William Harrington.
VOL. III.



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F

Sir William Harrington.

WRITTEN SOME YEARS SINCE,

And revised and corrected

By the late Mr RICHARDSON,
Author of Sir Charles Grandison, Clarissa, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

V O L. III.

The SECOND EDITION.

Of Folly studious, ev'n of Vices vain,
Ah! Vices gilded by the Rich and Gay.
SHENSTONE's Elegies.

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me, that one is a fair, the other a brunet. For my part, I saw no kind of resemblance, but the Earl imagined he did, and told us, when we were absent he should every day pay a visit to that place, in order to look at our two charming representatives, which would in some measure make him amends for not seeing us ourselves.

Now, my dear sister, could any modern-young lover possibly say finer things than these? I like this old man prodigiously; and if it were not for two or three *ifs* which I could mention, I do think I should try hard to be Countess of W.

The Earl is very fond of cards, and we play till nine o'clock from the time of our rising from table after dinner; then we sup, retire to our chambers at a little after eleven, and meet to breakfast about ten next morning, dine at three, and so on—a mighty regular family you see.

Next week we are to receive our company, and then I think I shall not be at a loss for subjects to employ my pen, since



since I have promised to give you a particular account of all which happens.

But I have told you nothing about the house and gardens; both are noble, and richer furniture I think I never saw. It is none of it in the modern taste, but in my opinion much grander. The fine scalloped flounced beds with gold tassels, fringe, &c. have an air of dignity which ours cannot compare with.

The house is so large I shall never be able to find my way about it without a guide; how many rooms there are I really can't positively say, for you know I never was good at keeping accounts. There is a large matted gallery on each side, ornamented with the family pictures from the hundredth generation I believe, fine pieces most of them, being done by the greatest masters in every age, since the first founder of the family thought fit to transmit his likeness down to posterity, which is—Oh, Lord! I forget how many years ago; but the Earl is mighty exact in these matters, and no

A 2 *And off to be man*

man more careful or tenacious of his pedigree than he is.

You have seen the wax-work in Fleet-street, Cordelia, and doubtless remember the beautiful figures of Mrs Salmon and her infant child?

Here is one of the Countess's drawn in the same manner at full length, sitting in a chair, with a daughter of about three months old, the sweetest little soul, lying in her lap. Such pleasure! such tenderness! in the eyes and whole deportment of the mother. It is reckoned, and I really believe is, one of the best pieces, perhaps, in the whole world. Lord C. and my sister, are to sit for their pictures when next in London, So much for the gallery.



Feb. 26.

I shall not attempt giving a particular description of every thing that is worth notice in this fine mansion; for if I was, instead of the half hour I have to myself
after

after dressing for dinner, I had need spend whole days in writing. Let it therefore—but let it, did I say? Nay, it shall suffice. I never (and I have seen a great many in my time) saw so good an house, one so convenient in every respect, and so richly, nay, *magnificently* furnished.

But this, perhaps, may create some wonder in you; for to be sure 12,000*l.* a year is no very over-grown estate for an Earl. But they are besides, it seems, quite rich in money; for the late Countess (mother to Lord C.) was a fortune of near 200,000*l.* For her, and by her directions, this house was fitted up and furnished; and with such abilities, it is not surprising that the work was in such a noble manner completed.

She was excessively handsome, as represented by her picture, and Lord C. who is said to be very like her; and for her good qualities, an old gentlewoman who has lived here in the capacity of an house-keeper ever since Lord C. was born, the days, I believe, in July would

scarcely be long enough, for her to make a recital of her late mistress's praises.

Constantia listens with great pleasure and attention to these discourses of Mrs Carter: For, says she, as I am to spend my days in this part of the world, what character can I so well endeavour to copy, as that of a woman who lived here before me with such universal applause?

But the gardens! I have given you no account of them, and indeed I can't well do it; for they are at this cold season of the year so very cold a subject, my genius is froze whenever I attempt it. Gardens then I'll let you alone, till I shall happen to make a summer's jaunt hither; for what is any thing without proper ornament? What are trees good for when stripped of their leaves, and no birds singing in them? Lawns without verdure, of a brown russet hue, how deplorable! and those streams which should glide gently along in soft murmurs over the pebbles, when froze how cold a comfort do they afford us! arbours representing to us a parcel of skeletons;

skeletons; the wooden ribs remaining, but the fragrant leafy covering gone. All therefore that I shall at present say of the extensive park, and noble gardens, is this, that the prospects are excessively fine, and I believe at a proper season very pleasing to behold. But at present, I think a large dining-room illuminated with wax tapers, is a far better scene to contemplate.



Twelve at night.

I don't find myself sleepy, so I'll write for about half an hour.

We had some of our relations to see us to-day; they came to dinner in a family way, not in form—very clever sort of people, 'Squire Gage and his Lady; she, it seems, is daughter to a late sister of the Earl's, and bespeaks herself one of the C. family, by her fine air, agreeable person, and sweet deportment. Mr Gage is an agreeable man, and these will be charming neighbours for our sister,

ter, if she stays in this part of the world, for they live but four miles from C. Park, upon a little estate of their own.

When they were gone, Lord S. and my brother both said very handsome things of the lady, upon which the old Earl replied, Ah, poor Caroline! she was a little fool, or else she might have done better with her accomplishments. Gage is an honest man, and a clever man, but he had but a trifling fortune, so she is forced to maintain herself and him too; though for that matter he did not make a much better bargain than she, for his uncle would not give him his estate, because George would not marry the woman he would have had him. George was in love with Caroline, and Caroline he would have, and so the uncle made another relation his heir: But for all this, I believe the young people are very happy; they are prudent, and content with what they have. My niece's estate was a good 500*l.* a year. Caroline was co-heiress with two more sisters, and so much of her father's estate came to her share.

share. Gage's father was a man of good fortune, but he being a younger brother, and many children besides him, he had only about 2000*l.* which, I believe, was most of it spent before he married, for after having fitted up the little house they live in, and defraying their wedding expences, there was no money left. Caroline, to be sure, might have done better; but it is over and I forgive her, which neither of her sisters do; they are married to rich old men, heaven knows where; they used Caroline ill, so I do not correspond with them; Caroline ever was my favourite, and I am glad she is settled so near me; she is a good girl in the main, and I wish her happy.

This account of the Earl's concerning Mr and Mrs Gage, has highly raised the curiosity of Lady C. and myself, to know the history of their loves; and possibly we may in time be gratified, for my sister intends to contract a great intimacy with these cousins, therefore by this means we may come at it.

Here

Here I lay down my pen and close this letter. Pray my dear, let me hear from you soon—Duty to aunt Crawford.

Yours affectionately,

JULIA HARRINGTON.

+++++

LETTER LIII.

Sir W. HARRINGTON to Miss RANDALL.

C. Park, Feb. 24.

WHEN absent from those we love, no situation in itself how delightful soever, has the power of charming! at least I find it so; for without thee, my dear dear girl, every moment of my life seems tedious, and all around me an horrid gloom.

Nothing can excel the Earl of W.'s house, either for situation or magnificence; and he himself omits no one thing in his power to entertain us. The rest of
the

the company are entertained; they are happy, and therefore capable of relishing those pleasures which he prepares. But I am miserable; I can relish nothing; all my thoughts are devoted to my Letitia; whose sweet image I hourly contemplate in that small portrait which I wear round my neck, placing the transporting likeness of the dear original next my faithful heart, where she, and only she, reigns the sovereign.

But does my angel keep her promise? Does she twice each day, at the hours agreed on between us, retire to look upon my picture, and then reflect that I am at the very instant doing the same? Charming girl! when I am thus employed, I fondly paint to myself your beautiful form, sitting reclined, and viewing me in effigy. Perhaps the thoughts occurring of the many miles there are between us may draw a precious tear; and oh! perhaps your goodness bestows a tender kiss upon the lifeless image of a man, who for that favour conferred upon himself would forfeit worlds. Dear
 Letitia,

Letitia, what a fate is mine? What can be more distressful? How do I envy those two happy pairs I daily see before my eyes! Lord C. now in the possession of his utmost wishes; and my sister, so kind, so tender, so affectionate, just what I flatter myself my charming girl would be, if she was wholly mine.

Then there is Lord S. and Julia; they may be happy when they please, having no obstacles to oppose their union, but their own strange humours: Though in this I believe I rather injure him—'tis not his humour, but my sister's; 'tis she that is to blame—Such airs she gives herself! I could not bear them. How unlike, dearest girl, is she to you? For, charming creature, I do believe your love for me is real; you are tender, soft, complying, as far as I ought to wish; you have kindly granted all the proofs of love which honour can require, and more, you know, I have sworn (and I will keep the oath inviolate) never to ask of you, till I am in a proper situation to demand it. Oh, madness! why did I
ever

ever game? But it is right people should smart for their follies, and that I do severely.

Surely when I leave this place, there will be an end to all my painful absences; unless Cordelia, who I find has chose for herself a future mate, should want my presence to settle her affairs. By heaven I might as well have three children, as these three sisters, thus taking up my time and hindering my pleasure. But Letitia, be assured, I will not, if it can possibly be avoided, take any more journeys which can separate me from you. No, I intend, when we next meet, to bid adieu to absence; for we will part no more. The time of your stay in London is almost expired; then you will go to your father's, I to the hall, and my friend Renholds (of whose honourable intentions by your sister you say you have now no sort of doubt) he will be my companion both in love and solitude.

Happy scene!—Oh, Letitia! was it not for in this future prospect, how could I support my present ills? A month to

be seperated from you! A curse upon matrimony and all its attendant evils, say I, for thus keeping me from the enjoyment of the only happiness I am ambitious of tasting, the society of my charming girl.

On Sunday we are all (stupid parade and nonsense) to make our appearance at church. This, it seems, gives a proper notice to the neighbouring gentry, that we are to be waited upon. Then, I suppose, such shoals of visitants will pour in upon us—I hate the thoughts of such impertinence; for, believe me, my dear Letitia, most sincere is what I tell you, I can relish no sort of diversion in which you do not partake, and had rather sit by myself when absent from you, reading over your letters and looking upon your picture, than make one in the most brilliant assembly.

Judge then how irksome to man in my situation must be all this formality of sitting to receive company; and the devil, what have I to do with it? Can't the women be content with being allowed
to

to dress themselves out like a couple of Barth'lmew Dolls, and then sit to be admired, without wanting us men to grace their pageantry and show? If there is a possibility of being excused this cursed penance, I will lay hold of it, but fear there is not. This old fashioned Earl (a plague take him) will insist upon the *proper forms* (as the formal wretch calls them) being observed; but if he does, all the while I am performing the cursed task, how shall I curse him?

Forgive me, dear Letitia, if I have expressed myself rather freely. Do not censure, charming angel, those follies which you yourself occasion—'Tis my excessive love for you that makes me thus impatient, and creates my choler against all those obstacles which remove me from your presence, and hinder my mind from contemplating upon you without any interruption.

How slowly seems the time to move? It moves on leaden wings. Surely the days and weeks are longer than they used to be! This tedious month never

will be expired. Dear girl, do all in your power to soften, as much as may be, the rigour of this cruel absence. Write soon—write often to him who, with the most fervent and most unalterable affection, is devoted to you, and only you—You are entirely mistress of the heart of your faithful

W. HARRINGTON.

LETTER LIV.

From the same to the Honourable JOHN
RENHOLDS.

C. Park, Feb. 24.

PRAY, dear Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, carry the enclosed to Mrs Chambers, that she may convey it to my dear girl, for me to have a speedy answer to it. By heaven, there never was a poor devil so much in love as I! My passion, if it is
not

not shortly gratified, will quite consume me. Oh! that I was once more in London, for then I would not be long unhappy. I think I have now raised so strong a flame in the breast of my beloved girl, that if I get her (as I am resolved to do) into a proper situation, I shall not fear her everlasting anger for my bold attempt. I don't love fruit that will fall entirely without shaking; some little resistance endears and makes the conquest nobler. 'Tis said, you know, Jack, "the greater the difficulty, the higher the honour." A little jade how she has fretted and plagued me! she shall pay for it very soon however.

One evening, just before I quitted London, I had a most charming trial of her affection. We were alone together at her cousin Chambers's—they, good people, both gone to bed—the hour twelve;—till that moment I never had found Letitia in the least off her guard; but then—*honour and pride, the guardians of her virtue, seem'd lull'd asleep, and love*

alone was waking; and, oh, Jack! I do believe if I had then

*Snatch'd the golden glorious opportunity,
And with prevailing youthful ardour prest
her,*

*The yielding fair one (might have) giv'n
me perfect happiness;*

But at this critical juncture some secret charm withheld me, and I contented myself with using all the tender preludes to happiness, but (what the devil ailed me, Jack?) pursued my bliss no farther. In short, I left the blooming maid—a blooming maid, who, at my departure, seemed as loath to let me go, as I could be to leave her.

Next morning I waited upon her again, and the interval of time I suppose had suffered her reflection to return; she had been left to think on what had past, and doubtless had condemned herself for some of the liberties which she had permitted me.

She

She received me with a coldness in her aspect which chilled my very soul.

How, Letitia, said I, starting! (partly natural, partly affectation the start) is this a proper reception for the man whom last night you treated so very differently? Can a few hours occasion such an alteration in your breast? If so (and I stamped) there is no truth in woman.

Now, Jack, I was fearful, by the grave turn of her countenance, that I had gone too far the preceding night (since I had not pursued my advantage---that would have altered the case---no danger then); but now (fool, idiot, that I was) 'twas otherwise, and I feared her *anger*; therefore, knowing that to trust a woman with power is irrecoverably to lose one's own, I was resolved to appear myself the offended person, making her the offender, which, if she really loved me, I was certain it would cut her to the soul to have me think her, and thereupon she would sink all her own displeasure in using her endeavours to assuage mine.

Tears

Tears bursting from her eyes, O, Sir William, said she, I am a ruined woman!

Good heaven! cried I hastily, what misfortune, my sweet angel, has befallen you? Dear creature! folding my arms about her, keep no secret from the man you love; he will protect you from every ill.

Gently she returned my pressure, charming girl! how the involuntary kindness thrilled to my very soul!

Could I---could I, said she sobbing, be assured you would protect me, and not reward my fondness for you by my total ruin!

How, Madam! interrupted I, jumping from her with a most erect air; do you, after what has passed between us, doubt my honour?

Madam! repeated she, tears flowing afresh; So very formal; oh, Sir William! I can't, indeed I can't bear this; 'tis more than I can bear.

I kissed away the pearly drops from her rosy cheeks: Dear girl! joy of my soul!

soul! my ever-loved Letitia! tell me, tell me, do you doubt my honour or my love?

Not your love, Sir William, I can assure you; I have no doubt of that.

Have you of my honour, Miss Randall? (reddening; indeed I was rather angry she should suspect me).

I wish Sir William Harrington had given me no occasion.

D——n! uttered I with a violent stamp, doubt my honour! and I walked about the room in a seeming great rage.

This was a violent attack, Jack, and I had no way to come off but by using violent methods: Parley would not have done; I might by that means have been drawn into scrapes, for doubtless my submissions would have strengthened her resentment; but such behaviour frightened her, as I designed it should.

She wept, and leaning back in her chair, You are determined to kill me, I I see, Sir William. Well, lifting up her streaming eyes in a saint-like manner to heaven, let me die *now*, since I shall

now

now die innocent ; which, if I live, heaven knows how it may be ; for, oh my folly ! wringing her hands, and starting from her chair, what distress have I drawn myself into ! Her violent agitations of soul had so weakened her she could not any longer stand, so sunk upon the carpet.

How this affected me ! I dropt down by her, and bending her forward, her head resting against my bosom,—my angel ! my Letitia ! what in the name of wonder thus discomposes you ? said I.

Not your violent temper, to be sure, replied she ; not—not—she could proceed no further, her tears and sobs prevented.

I joined my cheek to hers ; charming creature, I beg your pardon ; but consider, had I not cause to be disturbed ? was not my honour called in question ? called in question by you, in whose dear eyes I would wish to appear in the most honourable light. For well, my dear Letitia am I convinced, that nothing but your having a good opinion of my honour and integrity can possibly make you think

think of entering into a connection with me for life. Your spotless soul is the fountain of honour, therefore cannot suffer you to love any thing which, in your opinion, seems tainted. You think, and justly think,

*In love no happiness to find,
Unless two bodies have one mind.*

This rather pacified her, and she soon after, with a tolerable composure, asked me, if I really thought my behaviour to her the night past had been altogether right and proper; or on the contrary it had not been such, as with the highest reason might raise in her breast many distracting fears?

No, my angel, no, answered I, (at the same time closely embracing her) not in the least.

Ah! Sir William, returned she, you saw my folly, indeed you did; you first softened me, and then—(was it generous in you so to do?) took advantage of my weakness.

I raised her head from my bosom, and holding her at a little distance off me, gazed full in her face, saying, Took advantage! oh, what advantage did I take, dear girl? and was you then really in my power?

She blushed, and leaning upon my shoulder, replied, Did you not know it? indeed I fear it was too visible.

Then, my Letitia, answered I, if it was so plain—if I had really any power over you, how strong, how very strong my honour must appear, since I did not exert, I did not abuse that power! for own, my charmer, own sincerely, did I attempt any thing that could injure your virtue, in the midst of all those soft endearments which have past between us the last happy night?

No, answered she, I cannot say you did; but then I can't be certain that you never will; and oh, Sir William! if you ever should be base, you that I love in such a manner—if you should be base, I am certain it would kill me. Such a stroke I never could support!

I now rose from the carpet, on which we had been sitting, and helping her to do the same, My dearest girl, said I, away with groundless fears; but if you cannot, if still you doubt my honour, after all my protestations, and the last high proof which I have given you of it, I can do no more; look upon me in that case (as I am sure you must) as a wretch not worthy your concern; despise me---bid me leave you, and never enter your presence again---bid me begone forever from your sight.

I gently moved towards the door; she started, and running after me took one of my hands, saying, How! leave me! go forever from my sight! What have I done, Sir William? Indeed, indeed, you must not leave me.

I turned towards her, I never will, my angel, said I, unless by your commands; and give me leave to say, such commands you ought to impose upon me, if you really doubt my honour.

I do not doubt it, hastily cried she; and yet, last night---the recollection

frights me. Come, Sir William, dear Sir William, (and, dear creature, she prest my hand to her sweet lips) make me easy, promise me to be more guarded for the future.

Dear girl, said I, I hold a promise sacred, and never will, upon any account, make one to you which I am not certain I shall be able to perform most strictly: What you impose I am sure I could not; for if at any time an opportunity should offer, I know myself, and am convinced I never should be able to resist the dear temptation: And what have I attempted which can alarm your fears to such an high degree? I have desired you to bestow, as yet, no favours upon me but what, I can assure you, are granted by all women (one must stretch a point sometimes, Jack, when one's cause is rather bad) to men they love entirely, and have by solemn promises entered into a connection for life with; therefore, dear Letitia, my charming girl! be not over scrupulous, deny me not those sweet, those innocent endearments which
give

give me unspeakable, and cannot injure you.

Though in themselves they cannot, answered she, yet the tendency of them may be fatal, indeed it may; for (hiding with an handkerchief her sweetly blushing face) I am sure last night I found much cause to fear them; they soften the heart, and lull reflection to sleep, and this done, when prudence is put off her guard, what may not be the dreadful consequence?

The consequence could not be dreadful, my charming girl, said I, for even supposing the very worst which could happen, supposing at any time my passion should get the better of my resolution, and supposing you should be softened too by my entreaty, and kindly yield——

How! how! Sir William! cried she, interrupting me, (bursting from my arms, and reddening with anger) what a vile supposition this!

'Tis only supposition, lovely, but too apprehensive fair one, answered I; no

real case, but an imagined circumstance: Be not alarmed without a cause; hear what I have to say with patience.

If to intreaty, you in an unguarded moment should yield, do you, can you think my love would be abated? No, my dear, my love for you, as I have said before, is not merely personal; I adore your mind, the beauties of which no circumstances could possibly alter. Had you therefore yielded, and given your lovely person to my arms, you would the rather find me constant; yes, my charmer, with such a woman as you, my Letitia,

Increase of passion must grow by what it feeds on.

Smooth your brow, be not angry; fear not that I will utter any thing, my angel, which can offend your delicacy. I'll only ask you, whether you don't think it possible for two people, who love with that warmth of affection we do, to live together in a state of the highest intimacy, unmarried, (their circumstances

stances not permitting them so to do) with the same inviolable constancy as if the priest had really joined their hands.

No, answered she, I do not ; for without honour on either side, (and honour in this case without dispute is violated) what tie can they have over one another.

Love ! love ! replied I, my charming girl ! love the highest, the strongest of all ties, when that love is mutual.

Pho ! said she.

I really hoped I gained ground upon her in this my half-in-earnest argument, so I went on.

And if cemented only by love, no ties in law to bind, is not the constancy still more noble if continued, when it might be broken at pleasure ?

Surely, Sir William, answered she, you can have no end in what you are advancing in favour of so vile a scheme ? I hope you don't think I can approve it, I never, never could. For if (as you would just now have supposed) I could have been weak enough to have yielded to wicked purposes, if you had been wick-

ed enough to have attempted them, I never after such a step should have enjoyed a moment's peace of mind ; I should hate myself, I should hate you as the author of my vile debasement.

Debasement ! Letitia, repeated I.

Yes, Sir William, answered she, debasement ! I know you men of rank and fortune think you do not injure, but, on the contrary, rather advance a woman of low degree, if you take her for a mistress. But though a monarch were the tempter, the woman is yet debased, debased from the highest rank of earthly greatness, the dignity of virtue and conscious innocence. And how justly does Abra-Mule express herself to Mirza upon this occasion, when she says,

*Be rais'd to grandeur ! no ; I should be thrown
Lower than first my vulgar fortune plac'd me.
Oh ! think not, Sir, to sooth me with the name
Of fancy'd glory ; for when virtue's gone,
And infamy takes place, tho' you advance me
Above the highest monarch, you debase
My humble birth, and sink me into greatness.*

Sweet

Sweet angel, said I, kissing her where she had repeated these lines, how charmingly do you perform every thing; how very natural your expression; so easy is your manner, yet so just, that one would indeed think, while you speak Abra's sentiments, you declare those of your own heart.

You think right in that, Sir William, I can assure you, answered she, those lines declare my sentiments exactly. But, methinks, we are got upon a very odd kind of argument, we might employ our time better, than in such strange sort of supposed cases as these.

I agree with you, my dear, said I, endeavouring at the same time to draw aside her handkerchief, in order to steal a kiss from that seat of rapture, her snowy bosom. She held back my hand, saying, Hold, hold, Sir William, indeed, indeed you shan't. Cruel, cruel man! is it thus you keep your promise with me?

I did promise this, my charming girl, answered I; since, as I before told you,
I

I should scorn to break my word, 'tis you are cruel, indeed you are. Consider (you ought to do so) my present situation ; how I am, through distress of fortune, restrained from being happy ! you should consider this, and grant me all you innocently can to mitigate my sufferings ; with this, till my circumstances alter for the better, I must be contented. And now, one promise I will make, my dearest angel, to satisfy her scruples, to banish all her fears, if fears she has about my honour, I solemnly swear never to ask her to complete my happiness, till I shall be in a proper situation to demand it of her.

Sweet innocent, she took the bait.—

Well, said she, now I will be easy ; for, after such a serious promise, I think you never can deceive me.

Nor, Jack, will I deceive her, since I shall think any situation a proper one to demand that happiness, where time and opportunity concur to aid my wishes : And such an opportunity, as soon as ever I get to town, I shall make it my business

business to find. Then, in spite of all her high-flown Abra-Mule-like notions, I hope to succeed; and I don't much think she'll die on the occasion. A *Clarissa*, I don't know where we shall find but in an author's brain. No, no, when she knows the worst, she will be easy, I make no doubt, and settle at her father's as long as she can stay there; till the promised arrival of a little tell-tale shall render it necessary for her to abscond; and in such circumstances, I fancy she would have no objection to take possession of that house you told me of upon Endfield-Chace. I'll go and look upon it when I come to London, and if I think it will suit us, hire it immediately, for fear any body else should take it. What signifies the rent of it! 'tis right to be provided in case of emergencies you know, I never love to be put to difficulties when I can avoid them.

But I must leave off—what a plaguy long epistle I have written. Charles writes to you to-day, and we both excused ourselves from riding out upon an
airing

airing this morning, saying, we had letters to send to London ; so the women, the Earl, and his son, are gone in the coach, without any Esquires to escort them on horseback, as other mornings Charles and I have done.

Let me hear from thee very soon—enclose me a letter from my angel! present my love to the junto, and believe me to be thy sincere friend,

W. H.

LETTER LV.

Lord S. to the Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS.

C. Park, Feb. 24.

I AM more and more, every hour of my life, in love with Julia and with matrimony. The former, in my opinion, abating much of her coquetry, and laying aside, in great measure, those perverse airs, and little spiteful tricks, which used so strangely to fret and puzzle me;
the

the latter appearing so amiable by the bright example daily before my eyes, which is set by Lord C. and his charming Lady. Surely this has some influence over my Miss Harrington, and she is convinced by them, that there is more real enjoyment in such a state, than in all the wild airy pomps and vanities of life. For my part, I am an entire convert to this opinion, and what convinces me of the reality of my change, and the justice of the notion, is, that upon my honour, I find more real, solid satisfaction, in the company and conversation of my incomparable Julia, when she condescends to converse with me upon equal terms, (as I can assure you she now very often does) than in the highest gratifications which indiscreet, consenting beauty can confer on lawless, libertine wishes, those joys soon pall, they grow insipid even while tasting, they leave no sort of rapture on the fancy; but, on the contrary, affect our minds on reflection, with much the same kind of sensation which I imagine must

must affect a glutton after an inordinate meal; his ravenous appetite, perhaps, is not satisfied, but cloyed; and though he longs to eat again, yet the same kind of delicacies will not go down; he is surfeited with them, and is forced to pamper his vitiated taste with variety.

Thus the glutton in love! (for such is the libertine) he who in an unlawful manner revels on beauty; he who for a while most passionately doats upon an object, panting for the fruition of his joys—in that fruition loses his relish for them, and would, perhaps, live honest after such excess, did not the devil, ever ready to lead him into sin, create new passion in his heart, by presenting new objects of desire, which straight attract the fancy, and hurry him on to the commission of fresh enormities.

It is not, Jack, from theory alone (and that thou knowest) that I declare these truths; truths which thou, and every gay young fellow if he will speak sincerely, must own the validity of. No, to my present shame (and I am really ashamed)

med) be it spoken, it is from practice! practice of a number of mispent years, that I am able to advance what I have advanced. I describe sensations I have often known and felt.

With what immense anxiety, fatigue, and expence, have I pursued a favourite amour! and thought (so immersed were all my reasoning faculties in passionate desire) that my ultimate happiness, my chief felicity of life, depended upon the success of that affair. Seldom has it been that I did not succeed, and then I generally found, that with

The morning cool indifference came.

And no sort of wonder this, for we all of us, if we will freely and candidly own it, admire virtue, though we have not grace enough to practice it ourselves. We may passionately *desire*, but cannot really *love* a woman who has not virtue. It is cruel, it is unjust, that we should despise a creature who has deviated from virtue merely for our satisfaction, and

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has been led to this through the various arts we have made use of for that purpose. But too much truth is there in the following lines of Nick Rowe :

For she loses every friend — And

*If strongly charm'd she leaves the thorny way,
And in the smoother paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame!
In vain with tears her loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before,
She sets like stars that fall! to rise no more!*

No, Jack, not even in the opinion of the man who was the occasion of her fall ; for but too often do we see, that after his lawless passion is gratified, he is the first to abandon and despise her.

Not so with a woman who can withstand his wiles. Perhaps he will not marry ; her good example may not be able to bring him to that, but for certain he will revere her, he will admire her more, much more, than if she had given ear to his wicked entreaties, and thereby

thereby given him a poor, momentary, sensual pleasure.

For my part, I now most heartily despise such a course of life. I am determined instantly to quit it, and with the incomparable Julia Harrington, tread the paths of *virtue*, which is, and ought to be looked upon as the synonymous term for real *honour*, which is as unlike that phantom of our own creation on which we have bestowed the name, as affected prudery is to real unassuming chastity.

But properly cementing *virtue* and *honour*, it shall be my only aim to persuade Miss Harrington to be my *wife*. Now, Jack, do thou and thy fellow rakes laugh at that name if ye will, I care not, since I should think it the greatest happiness in life to be able really to call her so; nor am I without hopes that in a short time such an happiness will be mine. I think she truly loves me — yes, I think I have, Oh, fortunate man! been able to raise a tender passion in the breast of that excellent woman! many instances of late convince me of it; and if she loves

a man, she surely will reward his love. This is a conclusion I may very justly draw.

As to Sir William, he and I are upon very friendly, very complaisant terms; but there is not that strong, that warm regard shewn on his side there used to be, when one mind seemed in appearance to animate us both, and no secret cause, either of pain or pleasure, was long kept a secret. But now he seems to be evidently disturbed about something; he is fretful generally, melancholy at times; and yet whenever I ask him the cause of this, he puts me off with, Prithee, Charles, be quiet; who but such a doating fool as you, who have your turtle daily present to bill and coo with, can be chearful and happy at this dull season in the country? If I was in London, I should be as gay as ever? ask me no impertinent questions I beg thee, for no other answer can I make, if you enquire ever so often—then he affects to be merry, and hums a tune, but in such a kind of tone and manner, as Sir
Hugh,

Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, when he is deliberately pulling off his cloaths in expectation of the *Doctor's* coming to fight with him.

Now, Jack, that this is all a cursed sham, mere dissimulation and put-off, I can plainly enough discover; for that he is very uneasy about something, I am most certain; I suspect the cause too, and if it is as I suspect, he does not judge ill in not making me his confidant, unless he were inclined to profit by that advice which I should most indisputably give him, not to proceed in a scheme so vile, as that I fear he is pursuing. Yes, he may be very sure I should be far from encouraging him in *such* a scheme. But as he don't think fit to trust me, all I can say is this—Heaven preserve the lady; for to escape him and his pack, she must have an higher protection than mortal aid. Honour to him will not allow me, upon bare suppositions, to advertise her of her danger, else I would do it, let the consequences to myself be what they might.

Here he comes to see if I have done writing, as Jacob is to take my letter, together with his master's, and a packet from Miss Julia to the sister at Bath, to the post-office to-night.



He is gone, and has been asking what I had been writing about to you. Shew me your letter, Will, said I, and then you shall see every word. Mine is sealed, answered he. Ah, my friend! replied I, clapping him upon the shoulders, if it was not, I dare swear you would not trust me with a sight of it—Why dost think so, Charles?

There, answered I, giving him the paper before me, read those contents, and you will find the reason pretty plainly towards the end of them.

He read over the letter, and then forcing a loud laugh—Very fine, truly! A clever sort of a preachment this, and would serve well enough for a sermon,
if

if a little touched up and added to by a young divine.

Can you, Sir William, said I, if you speak from your conscience, really find any thing to object against the doctrine there set forth?

Pshaw! returned he, as loud as ever he could, and away he went, saying—Come, make haste and finish your letter, Jacob waits. Is Miss Harrington's ready? said I. Yes, yes, answered he, she is a good notable girl; she got up this morning and wrote hers before breakfast, and gave it me before she rode out; she is not such a sluggard as you.

I am a sad lazy varlet, that is the truth of it; but my Julia, she will reclaim me in every thing, when I come to be under her direction.

Oh, could I see the day!

I hear the coach—She is returned from her airing, so I'll write no longer. Adieu, Jack—Love to all friends—Let me hear from thee as usual concerning all occurrences which happen.

Thine,

S——.

LETTER LVI.

Miss JULIA to Miss CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

C. Park, March 3.

NOthing in the least remarkable happening during the part of the last week which remained after I ended my letter, I did not any more take up my pen ; but now I have an account to give my dear Cordelia of our making our appearance at church yesterday. One Sunday before this had passed since our coming to this place, but happening to be the day after our arrival we did not go out ; so yesterday the show was made in the following manner.

Dressed in negligees, my sister and I cut two very smart figures ; but we were obliged, upon account of the cold weather, to go in our cardinals and hats. These were entirely new for the wedding

ding—Hers white spotted fatten, trimmed with very rich blond lace—Mine the mody coloured crimson edged with ermine, the tails of which, together with those upon my vast large muff, took the eyes of all the children that saw me: Nay, of a great many grown people too, and I conclude from this, there has been very few of the kind made their appearance in Nottinghamshire before mine.

My brother nor Lord S. have either of them any equipage here; for they chose to ride down, so we went in the Earl's chariot, and Lord C.'s fine new coach---a very smart one indeed, built upon the occasion.

We heard an excellent sermon, and brought home to dine with us the rector, Dr Perry, after having been, I can assure you, most sufficiently stared at by the whole parish; since by the number of people at church, I conclude they were all there, in order to have a peep at the raree-show. Fine chatting at the tea tables, I make no doubt, in the afternoon, and we, I suppose, pulled all
to

to pieces ; for there were a great many women at church---very smart women.

And now, I dare say, projects are hourly in agitation about the important article of dress among those ladies who intend this afternoon, and all the ensuing week, to pay us visits. For all this week we are to sit up in form every afternoon, and have endeavoured to spread abroad a report of our making a short stay in the country, to induce them to be very quick in these matters, that returns may be made to those which live near, before I leave the country ; that is, if I can be prevailed upon to stay longer than the time I purposed when I left London, which was a month. But I fancy I shall not ; nay, I am determined, for I like town much better than the country in such cold weather, let the country be in itself never so agreeable. But Lady C. I believe, will stay here : This she seems more inclined to than going back with me ; and so let her if she likes it, and pay her bride visits by herself for me. A mourning bride she will
be

be---In second mourning, though proper enough for a bride, since she may be all in white. But my brother, Lord S. and I will go to London at our time, let the old Earl, Lord C. or my sister, say or do what they please, most positively declares Julia Harrington.



March 4.

We had not a great deal of company yesterday, but expect much more this afternoon --- Mighty pretty ceremony, this sitting up in form purposely to be looked at! The men here in the family do not like it; they grumble sadly at the confinement, particularly Sir William; but it is all to no purpose, for he might as well hold his peace, since the Earl will have it so. Now our refractory brother's being forced to submit delights me greatly, as it is what he seldom in his life time has done before against his will.

Our

Our visitants yesterday were three gentlemen and four ladies---all of them from Nottingham---very genteel people, and gave us a good specimen of what we are to expect in future visits; but as to their names I really cannot pretend to remember them, since to give you those of all the folks I shall meet with would be an endless task. Expect therefore only the names of what, in my opinion, be deemed *extraordinaries*; of which sort none were met with in this first visit, both ladies and gentlemen coming under the denomination of *agreeables*---no way remarkable either in person or behaviour.



March 5.

Oh, sister! two such high characters yesterday---they were indeed *extraordinaries*! And though they were the only two visitants we had, being disappointed of those we expected, we did not grudge dressing for them.

In

In the first place, I'll give you what I can of their characters, as represented to me by Jenny last night, while she was undressing me. She began with, Law, Ma'am! you have had two vast curious ladies to see you to-day. The remembrance of them struck me; I laughed, and that giving the girl some encouragement, she went on.

They are fine folks *now*; but for that matter some other people (drawing up her head as she stood unpinning my ruff, so I saw her in the glass behind me) might be ladies as well as they, if they could meet with as good fortune.

Now I own I rather suspected from their manner of behaviour, that their extraction had been rather low; and, sister, curiosity, you know, is natural to women, much so to your Julia; so I proceeded to question Madam Jenny a little concerning them, and found her very ready to satisfy my demands.

It seems she had seen them get out of their chariot, and being two such striking figures, (this you will think, Cor-

delia, when you have a description of their persons given you) Jenny run to Mrs Carter, telling her she had seen two odd ladies — Odd ladies truly, answered she, I had a glimpse of them — Ladies indeed!

The desire of levelling, I believe, is deeply implanted in the minds of the vulgar. Jenny caught at this, and desired to know who they were.

Not what they now appear, I can assure you, Mrs Jenny: They were daughters to a grazier in Lincolnshire, and bred up in no very grand way, I can tell you; no great fortunes, as graziers' daughters often are: Their father died rather poor, and they came here to Nottingham; I remember their coming to visit a cousin they had there—a lucky visit for them, truly. The youngest had the good fortune soon to win the love of an old 'Squire who lived a little way off Nottingham, and had a lodging at her cousin's to be at when he chose to be in *town* (which the people here call Nottingham) This old man, 'Squire Clifton,

ton, married Miss Cifely, and that was the making of them, for her sister lived with them: He died in a few years, and left her all he was worth, when she was six and thirty. Her sister was rather older, and still lived with her, being entirely maintained at her expence.

This was Mrs Carter's account to Jenny concerning the original of the ladies; and now from me take a description of their persons.

First, I speak of Mrs Clifton, who, although the youngest, yet as she is advanced into the honourable state of matrimony, upon that account claims precedence of her sister; and I love to do every one strict justice.

In her person she is just tolerable; but by the state with which she carries her head, and the many airs she assumes, I take it has a much better opinion of herself than the rest of the world have. I suppose the glass she dresses at has the quality of magnifying charms, and lessening imperfections; which kind of glasses I am told are at present very much in

vogue, as I can readily believe, or else we should never see in our public assemblies so many old women who fancy themselves young.

Well then, Mrs Clifton, as I said before, has a person just tolerable, but her temper, by what judgement I can form of it, by no means appears to be so. She has seen her fortieth year, and now in that autumn of life, sets up for a fine lady. But, in my opinion, let her be ever so long a candidate for it, she will never arrive at the character.

But now for a touch at Miss Arabella's person, which is indeed a *vast* curious one, as Jenny says—

Reverse an obelisk, my dear, fixing the point into something which might serve for legs, only be sure you provide yourself with a large pair of hips, and it will give you an exact resemblance of her shape. She is an antiquated lady, and really so in all things, preserving antiquity in the taperiness of her waist. But then what is wanting there, she amply supplies with a pair of noble shoulders,

shoulders, and her globes before are of a happy size to counterbalance them. Her neck is long, and of the crane kind, which she extends in an erect manner to its due proportion, holding her head back with a sort of disdainful toss, so that her nose, which turns up, seems, in my opinion, to be running a race, in order to catch her eye-brows, which, having once gained sight of it, need not fear losing, they are so very conspicuous both in colour and size. Her eyes are in themselves not bad, only from the morose disposition of heart which appears through them.

This is the portrait of Miss Arabella Santlow, a young lady about the age of forty-eight. The widow keeps her own chariot, but living near seven miles distant from us, the visit these ladies honoured us with was rather late.

They have an air peculiar to themselves in most things, but more especially entering a room—Come a little way forward excessively stiff; then stop short, making a curious curtsy, drawing in

the chin, and holding together the lips with extraordinary care and gravity.

The maiden sister brought under her arm a little Italian grey-hound—a very pretty animal, and a prodigious favourite of both its mistresses, called *Romeo*.

You know, Cordelia, when people bring their children abroad, it is civil to take notice of them; and to be sure equally so, to pay the same respect to the dogs of those, who perhaps esteem such animals rather more than they would children if they had any. I therefore paid my compliments to *Romeo* soon after the ladies were seated, saying, I thought he was excessively handsome.

Why yes, Madam, replied Miss Bella, (something of good-nature appearing in her eyes) *Romeo* is certainly vastly beautiful—Oh, dear! cried the widow—Yes, Madam, every body thinks him a vast pretty creature.

I think, Julia, said my brother, he is something like your Pompey. Can't we see Pompey? asked the ladies. No, replied I, he is at present in London. Pray,
Madam,

Madam, was that his native place? said Mrs Clifton. No, sister, no, (pettishly answered Miss Bella for me) don't you hear he is like our Romeo, which if he is he must be of the same extraction. Pray, Madam, were his father and mother called by the names of Cato and Phedra? Did they belong to Lady Ravnal of this country?

Lord, sister! replied the widow, you will always mistake; why you know well enough Romeo never was a puppy of Lady Ravnal's — Mr Tindal, who gave him to you, found him upon the London road, where he was dropped.

I know it as well as you, answered Miss Bella; but for all that I am still of the same opinion, and this is the principle I go upon — Lady Ravnal says she had one lost going up to London, and Romeo is so like her Basto, I am sure they must be brothers.

Much more was said by both the ladies upon this important subject, which I shall not repeat; and neither of them, in the argument which lasted till their
coach

coach came up, seemed in the last convinced by the other. In short, we had no other theme while they stayed; and I never heard two people dispute with more warmth or less good humour in my life.

It seems it is a common practice with them in most of their visits to start some debate between themselves, upon which they exert all their oratory for the entertainment of the company, who must pay a silent regard to their discourse, since they never pause in order to let others have a share. Such creatures, I would not be bound to live with for the universe, but could like well enough to laugh at their oddities now and then—This my sister and I have since done sufficiently.



March 6.

A prodigious crowd of company yesterday, and amongst them a great beauty! So she is generally esteemed by others; and

and in every look, word, and action of her own, gives very evident marks of what her thoughts are concerning that particular. She is a woman of good fortune, and I would lay my life upon it has laid wait for the heart of Lord C. which, not being able to catch, and my sister having run away with the prize, she cannot look upon her without some symptoms of secret grudge. Perhaps when she went away, if asked by any of her companions how she liked the bride? She might reply—Oh, Lord! I hate her; how could any body ever think her handsome.

However, Miss Twining certainly possesses a great share of beauty herself; and our brother, (who I believe never is ten minutes in the company of a woman without finding out what he calls the trim of her) did pay such compliments, first with his eyes, and next, made bold by success, with his tongue, as encouraged the lady to play over all her airs, and practice all her graces.

To

To be sure, Cordelia, that same thing call'd custom, is a very odd thing; for from being accusom'd to hear such lavish praises bestow'd upon their persons as most of your profest beauties are, what an inundation of compliment can they dispense with, and not appear in the least incommoded by it.

I think I never heard any man lay on his flattery more thick than Sir William did; and yet the self-conscious, charming Twining took it all, seeming highly pleased, that a man of his fine person and address should, in so particular a manner, devote himself to her, disregarding all the rest of the company.

As to Lord S. he is grown quite a fool; he can attend to no body but his adorable Miss Harrington.

I joked my brother, after the Lady was gone, so did the Earl, and told him he had best take care of his heart; upon which he reply'd, No, no, quite safe is trifling with such a woman, since her affection, and the deference which she pays to her own charms; is with me an antidote

tidote against the force of her beauty. I hate a mere skin-deep beauty. Then brother, said I, is it right in you to compliment such women into a belief that you have a regard for them, when at the same time you in reality have a dislike.

Is it not right, sister Julia, answered he, to endeavour to please the company; no discourse to a profest beauty can please her, but the praise of her charms; and an higher poignancy is given to the relish of it, when raised by the depreciating those of other women. Gay knew the sex, and in his fable of the poet and the rose, says

*Who praises Lesbia's shape and feature,
Must call her sister aukward creature.*

You are ever severe upon the poor women, Sir William, said Lady C.

Not more than some of them deserve, by my troth, reply'd the Earl, for really your great beauties are a sad malicious set of creatures. Not such as you, daughter,

daughter, and Miss Harrington, you are handsome but you are good too.

A charming man this old Earl, he lets slip no occasion which offers, of saying handsome things to my sister and me. Dear girl let me hear from you soon. Duty to aunt.

Yours affectionately,

JULIA HARRINGTON.

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LETTER LVII.

Miss RANDALL to Sir WILLIAM
HARRINGTON.

New Bond-street, March 4.

THE happiness which you tell me is enjoy'd by the amiable Lady C. gives me great pleasure, for a more sincere friend to the Harrington family than Letitia Randall does not exist. Lady C. and Miss Julia have both of them been excessively kind to me; I have received high favours from both, which

which certainly ought in a strong manner to engage my gratitude. But oh! what returns do I make to a family who have so highly obliged me! I engage the brother in a connection, below him in every respect; and not only that, but one which must embarrass his fortune, mine being so very trifling!

Ah, dear Lady C. and beloved Miss Harrington! what uneasiness would it cost us both, you who so entirely love your brother, and have his interest so much at heart, if you knew of this entanglement; would you not join in despising the wretched author of it? Would you not call me base and ungrateful? Would you not remind me of the fable concerning the husbandman and serpent? Oh, Sir William! these reflections hurt me; for though I am low in station, I am not so in mind; and I therefore hate myself for not returning properly, and as I ought, the favours done me by the sisters.

How did they, while here at Mrs Montague's, confiding in me as a bosom

friend, each trust me with the secrets of her heart? but particularly Miss Julia! Dear Letitia, she would often say, when we were in our own chamber, our firm friendship makes it unnecessary for us to have the least reserve: True friendship never has reserve; for a mutual confidence is the only solid basis upon which friendship can be founded. Then she would open her unspotted mind, telling me her thoughts of Lord S. and her future intentions concerning him; and by such behaviour, undoubtedly merited the same candour on my part. Nay more, she would sometimes cut me to the soul by saying, she thought we neither of us had a secret with which the other was not trusted: I can answer for myself, Letitia, that I keep none of my own concerns from you, and I hope you act as ingeniously by me.

Now, Sir William, in such a situation as mine, how very cutting must be that charming lady's generous confidence! how must I despise myself, for acting so highly the hypocrite! and believe me,
had

had the concern been wholly mine, and had you not repeatedly engaged me by most solemn promises, never to tell either of your sisters of our connection, I should have opened my heart to Miss Julia, tho' certain, as I well might be, of her totally disapproving my alliance with the family.

You often, on this occasion, fall into passion, deeming it pride in you sisters, and such like; but for my part, I can make great allowances for them. Every family has naturally its own interest at heart, and most certainly, in no one point of view, my alliance can be esteemed for the interest of yours, but absolutely against it, even though the secret debt you have contracted be not considered; for, as you say, your sisters fortunes are a large incumbrance upon your estate: Though I think you told me you could cut down timber almost sufficient to answer that demand.

But all things considered, in the eyes of your sisters, how necessary does it appear to you to marry a woman of for-

tune! that would make you and them quite easy; while I, oh, heaven! what would then be my condition? Just like that of Indiana, when about to lose her Bevil, I might cry out, if you were to leave me,

“My lesson is very short, I have nothing to do but to learn to die, since worse than death has happened to me.”

But, my dear Sir William, why do I wound thy soul? indeed I have no suspicions of thy love; I really do believe you constant, and will own, notwithstanding all the arguments I have been making use of, in order to bring my soul to such a pitch of generosity as to equal your sisters in nobleness: To give them no reason to despise me, and to prefer your interest before my own. Far below the task are my utmost endeavours, for I cannot sincerely wish happiness even to *you* (selfish wretch that I am) without I myself am to be your partner in that happiness. But is this loving with that disinterested affection I have been used to flatter myself I had for Sir
William

William Harrington? Ah! no, Letitia, no, thou hast deceived thyself, thou desirest to advance thyself to procure thy own ease, not considering from whence that ease must spring, or into what difficulties thou must draw a man, who, but for his attachment to thee, would have had no sort of difficulties to struggle with; and who—but why do I pretend to reason? what do all my reasonings avail? In these I only take a little circuit, constantly returning, and fixing at the same point I set out from.

I desire, in spite of all the endeavours I try, and ought to make to the contrary, that my dear Sir William will remain unalterably attached (though I know it to be so much against his interest so to be) to his

Sincerely,

And truly affectionate,

LETITIA RANDALL.

P. S. I never omit looking at your picture every day at the appointed times; and, oh! I do, indeed, often, very often, shed tears over it.

I shall carry this myself in the afternoon to my cousin Chambers's, where Mr Renholds has promised to call for it. My doubts about him *now* are satisfied.

LETTER LVIII.

The Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS to Sir
WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

Surry-street, March 4.

A Few lines in the cover, dear Will, I send for thy own private inspection; but the inclosed epistle, addressed to Charles as well as thee, you are both to read, since it contains some incidents relating to a fraternity of which you both are members.

Charles, although in some material points he may be gone off, yet in many respects may still be useful, the broken fortune of Tom Craven, and such like matters considered. Charles at the bot-
tom

tom is a generous fellow; he has a fine clear estate, and that is what we very much want the assistance of in our junto. You see therefore it is proper to keep him in good humour, by trusting him as we used to do with the secrets of the community in general. As to the scheme he declares against, in his last to me, we must be very close about it, or else by Jupiter I can't tell, but the man in one of his squeamish, new-fangled, honourable fits, may blow us all up: And as in our designs upon Letitia and Charlotte, we shall not want the assistance of our friends as we used in many other to do, I don't intend to trust any friend with the knowledge of them, for fear of discoveries.

For heaven's sake, Sir William, come up to town quickly, and finish your plot with Letitia, that we may go down into the country, in order for me to begin mine upon Charlotte. I live the life of chastity itself at present, which by no means suits the humour and constitution
 of

of such a sincere votary to love, as ever
has been thy

J. R.

P. S. Miss Randall's letter, if I had inclosed it, would have made the packet too heavy; so I send it in a frank by itself—No, I won't; all the treason shall go together—it shall be put under this cover, and I'll get another for the epistle to Charles and thee.

+++++

From the same to Lord S. and Sir WILLIAM jointly.

LETTER LIX.

Surry-street, March 4.

THE letters of both my dear friends came safe to hand; and thine, Charles, I read in full congregation at the King's Arms, thinking it a great pity such a fine essay upon moral duty should be lost to the world.

Hey

Hey day! cried out Bob and Tom, both in a breath—What the devil is come to the man?

He is lost, my boys, said I, the choice spirit is lost! Yes, Charles, lost to all those noble purposes you have hitherto been so much famed for, we now all think thee; yet still we hold thee as a friend, though not a brother, and don't imagine you will, if you have changed your humour, divest yourself of all regard for a set of men you have so long a time, in a very high manner, loved and esteemed. Upon which presumption, I now, as usual, lay before you (including Sir William also) the present state of the junto, hoping both of you will do all in your power to assist it.

In the first place, we are going to lose Ben Jackson—Old Chapman, it seems, is dead, and Miss resolves to marry her lover. This is another of your *sober* matrimonial schemes—Much good may't do him; he sets out for Oxford tomorrow, and does not intend coming back to London again till he is shackled.

The

The sweet widow Granville has at last taken a resolution of marrying Bob Loyd upon his own terms. She gives up all her fortune, and so the old Jezebel ought, for such a fine young husband! I am sure if she was worth twice as much as she is I would not marry her to get it, but then his circumstances considered makes the case very different too; for something he must do. Better to marry an old woman than want: That is, I mean want a parcel of guineas to pursue a clever scheme, which kind of pursuits matrimony won't alter his relish for. I dare swear, a dog, he has been cursedly extravagant this winter: He could not possibly, without help, at the rate of living he is got into, have maintain'd his present appearance another year. You see, boys, *it is needs must, when the devil drives*; for the devil and all is poverty to a man of spirit and intrigue.

Granville is a perfect *Widow Locket*! you never saw an old fool so fond. By Jove quite surfeiting; insomuch that I

am

am afraid she will give him so many tastes of the banquet, as will pall his appetite in such a manner, that when grace is said, he will have no stomach to eat. Though I will do her the justice to own, that for a woman of forty-five, she has a good person, and a sort of person too, that a man if engaged in no better scheme, might not dislike an intrigue with *en passant*. Perhaps hold out a month or so, which time may be Bob will be able to live with her upon terms bearing some resemblance to love; but longer I think he cannot; and then I don't know what he must do, for he has got no woman in his eye at present. He intends, however, to look out for some good clever country girl, that he may have her ready to take into keeping as soon as the honey moon shall be over.

The noble wedding will be in about six weeks, and great preparations already are begun, the lady buying an immense quantity of fine cloaths, a jauntie chariot bespoke, and her house fitting up in a very elegant taste, &c. &c. Bob although

though he has tapp'd his last thousand, yet puts a good face upon the matter, appears to be vastly generous, and mightily concern'd she will not let him pay for the alterations of house and furniture, a thing she absolutely refuses to let him do; nor for the chariot neither.

Now it came into my head, that she might act in this way from a notion of her dear Bobby (as she, an old doating fool, now generally calls him) not being able to do what he offered; so to make her think him not quite destitute of cash, I advise him to lay out five hundred pounds in some pretty little ornament to deck her sweet person. Diamonds you know at any time are moveables, and he is not to buy them; only hires a parcel, for three months or so, when if he carries them back to the jeweller, he is to have his money back, with paying occasional damages, and a moderate interest for the use of the baubles.

Now, Charles, is not this scheme of mine a clever one? It will put Madam into high good humour as long as it is necessary,

necessary, according to our plan, she should be so, and the money not sunk. Who can say, with any tolerable justice, that we men of pleasure never think beyond the present moment? here is an instance of foresight, full sufficient, in my opinion, to confute that maxim.

The old devil is worth more than we thought her, by some thousands; a thing not very common, for in general the best side is put outwards, especially in money matters: But upon looking into hers, we find near twenty thousand pounds, whereas we imagined there would not have been above sixteen the very outside.

This wedding must and shall be over, Will, before you and I set out upon our sober scheme of spending some time together in the country; for at the celebration of the grand festival we must all be, and jovial doings we will have.—Charles, won't you make one? if not, we shall set you down for a poor devil indeed.

Tom Craven begins to give over whining for Maria, whom we have never heard of since she went in such a quick manner out of town. She is not with that aunt in Shropshire, you, Charles, once before advised her to go to, for we have enquired about that; so where she conceals herself, for the soul of me I can't imagine. But it is no matter; for in no respect, if found, would she suit Tom's purpose, since I am sure he never would swallow a matrimonial pill, unless it was well gilded.

Poor fellow! he has at last been at the funeral of his last hundred! he must in a few months go abroad; there now remains no other game for him to play. You remember your promise, Charles, of purchasing a commission for him: He now claims that promise, and begs when you come to town, (which we all hope will be very soon) you will look out for one in some regiment, either going or at present abroad.

My

My servant is talking to somebody in the next room—Oh, Bob Loyd—I must lay down my pen and speak to him.



Bob and I had not long been together, before word was brought, that Mrs Granville in her chariot at the door wanted to see him. Down he went and I with him; when we both intreated the lady to alight and drink a dish of chocolate. We did not sue in vain; for she came in with us, and almost as soon as seated in my dining room, took a little parcel out of her pocket—

This paper, my dear Bobby, said she, contains patterns of some silks I have just been looking at, but would not fix upon till I had your opinion of them. For —(smiling upon him with an affected girlish air) I would willingly dress in a manner you should think becoming.

Madam, answered he, all you wear becomes you.

Oh, la! dear Mr Loyd, how you compliment one. Well, I protest—But come, you must look at my silks—Here, this piece now, I think it is immensely pretty—what a sweet pretty variety of colours! A wedding suit should be gay; 'tis for a gay occasion (going to the glass and laying it upon her shoulder). I fancy it will become me, any thing of the pink colour suits my complexion; don't you think so, Bobby?

To be sure, answered he, all opposites set off, and are an advantage to each other; and nothing can be a greater opposite, than the red on the silk and the lilies of your complexion.

Dear, dear, cries she, simpering, there is no bearing this! Naughty, naughty man, tapping him upon the shoulder, you should not flatter me, indeed I must beat you if you do. I never suffer that from a lady without return. Thus I'll revenge myself, kissing, not saluting her—a salute is not enough for a widow.

Do

Do not you think Bob courts admirably well? For my part, I think he tops it to a miracle.

The lady favoured me with her company for about half an hour, and then took her dear Bobby with her to buy a gown of that silk, which was to give such a particular beauty to her complexion. *Lilies!* a lying varlet, had he said *Cowslips*, he had been much nearer the mark.

So much for Bob and his old fool at present.

As to my own part, I have no intrigue of my own upon my hands at present, so can devote all my time to the service of my friends; to promote whose happiness and pleasure gives me a very sensible delight. I have not in any respect launched out this winter, and not having kept any woman professedly, have saved money rather than exceeded my income; so that all I now owe in the world is 500 l.

What devils are the women! 'tis quite entirely owing to them that we run out

our fortunes; for if a man don't keep nor game, (I should name dice with women) a moderate income will enable him to cut a genteel figure, and purchase all other kinds of pleasure. But women and dice are such drawbacks, as no fortune scarcely can support. The last I detest, but the first I adore; I long to engage some pretty female, Charles—Will, can't you assist a man? Are there no pretty soft tender souls in Nottinghamshire? I would take a journey to any part of England, if sure of finding a girl to my mind; for at present I am destitute of all joy, but that of doing good for the service of my friends, which is said to be the noblest of all pleasures.

The fraternity join in duty to their worthy leaders, begging them soon to return to their posts, and no one more sincerely than, dear Charles and Will,

Your

J. RENHOLDS.

LETTER

LETTER LX.

Miss JULIA to Miss CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

C. Park, March 10.

WE have had so much company for these last few days, that to attempt giving any particular description of them would be a task too great; besides none of them falling under the denomination of *extraordinaries*, a minute account of them would be rather insipid. I shall therefore only say, that the people in this part of the world are in general mighty well bred folks, and dress immensely fine.

Lady C. likes the situation prodigiously, and I believe will settle here; for the Earl has a good seat about ten miles distant from C. Park, upon an estate which is part of Constantia's jointure. This house, I fancy, will be fitted up for her

Lord

Lord and her; so you see, Cordelia, we are likely to lose one sister.

Now who goes next, you or me? Who will venture a wager about it? For my part, I dare not hazard any thing, for I begin to be frightened out of my wits. Lord S. follows me so close, and gains such ground, I think he now very soon must catch me, and then, alas! poor Julia!

But, my dear girl, I wonder you don't write to me. What, so very disconsolate for the loss of thy Colonel, thou canst not hold a pen? Try, Cordelia, I desire thee, or else I'll write thee such a letter, child; I'll rally thee in such a manner, as shall make thee repent putting on such gloomy humours.

The family here begin to use all their art, in order to persuade Lord S. Sir William and me, to stay a fortnight longer than our purposed time; but my brother seems resolved to go, and he never yet broke any resolve he had firmly made, to oblige any one, so I fancy I may say we shall set out on the 21st. Do,
dear

dear Cordelia, let me hear from you before I quit this place; for, all banter apart, I really begin to fear you or my aunt must be ill, since I never knew you so remiss in answering my letters before.

Lady C. is very uneasy at your silence, and our brother is not without some pain; for to do him justice, I do really believe he sincerely loves all his sisters, and, that want of affection, (though he sometimes takes a pleasure in teasing us) is not one of his failings.

Lord C. has told the Earl that Constantia has been a poetess, which makes him vastly desirous of seeing some of her performances; but she can't oblige him, the pretty collection she has written being left at the hall, to his great disappointment; so he has set her a task, which I hope she will comply with and execute, since it may be of signal service to such giddy girls as me who determine to marry. The theme proposed is the *duty of a wife*, and I am in hopes she has entered upon the work, since for this week past we sometimes lose her for an
hour

hour or more, when she is shut up in her own closet.

The poem perhaps may not be finished before I leave C. Park, but I shall insist upon her sending me a copy of it immediately, and if she does not the same to you, I'll transcribe it for you.

Mr and Mrs Gage have paid us several *cousin-like* visits, and are, I really think, one of the most agreeable couples I ever met with; they were here yesterday, and I alone in the parlour when they came, the Earl being in his study, Lady C. in her closet, and the rest of the good folks rode out to see something, I don't know what. Men, you know, don't always give an account of their little jaunts and rambles to wives, mistresses, and sisters.

Mr Gage had business with his uncle, so upon my telling him the Earl was alone in his study, he went to him, leaving his amiable Caroline with me.

I told you before I longed to hear the history of their loves; and you know, when a fair opportunity offers, I am
feldom

feldom very backward in asking for any thing I want, so I gave Mrs Gage an item of my desire, which she was going kindly to comply with, when, Dear creature, said I, since you are so obliging, do stay till I send for Lady C. who, as well as myself, will take a great pleasure in hearing your relation.

I rang a bell, and soon my sister came, on being told Mrs Gage was there; so after the proper compliments were over, and we all (to use the terms of old Romance) were conveniently seated, the fair Caroline began her narration as follows. But I can't begin it at this present writing—it must serve for to-morrow's employ.



The

The HISTORY of
 GEORGE GAGE, Esq;
 AND
 Miss CAROLINE LEEFORD.

March 11.

‘ IT is needless, dear ladies, to inform
 ‘ you that my mother was sister to
 ‘ the Earl of W. since, doubtless, you
 ‘ must have heard that both from him
 ‘ and Lord C.

‘ My late father’s name, you may have
 ‘ been told, was Leeford, his estate a clear
 ‘ 1500 l. a-year: He had three daughters
 ‘ and no son, and I was by many years
 ‘ younger than either of my sisters,
 ‘ who are both married entirely on the
 ‘ score of interest, chusing abundance of
 ‘ riches with old men, rather than a mo-
 ‘ derate competence with young ones.
 ‘ But their dispositions and mine, in
 ‘ most respects, are very different; great-
 ‘ ly

‘ly so in that particular, as the sequel of
 ‘my story pretty fully will convince you.

‘My sisters both of them were married
 ‘before the death of my parents, which
 ‘mournful event happened when I was
 ‘just sixteen, a violent fever in the space
 ‘of a month carrying them both off—
 ‘excuse me ladies’—said Mrs Gage,
 wiping her eyes, ‘tears will flow upon
 ‘the recollection of such a scene as this;
 ‘I was with them during the whole time
 ‘of their illness. But as it is the history
 ‘of my *love*, which you Miss Harrington
 ‘have desired me to recount, I shall very
 ‘slightly pass over all occurrences which
 ‘happened before my acquaintance with
 ‘Mr Gage.

‘My father’s estate upon his decease
 ‘were divided into three equal divisions,
 ‘and that part fell to my lot, on which I
 ‘now live. My good uncle, the Earl of
 ‘W. was left my guardian, and well he
 ‘executed the trust. I lived with him
 ‘at C. Park some parts of the year, and
 ‘at others with a relation of my father’s,
 ‘a widow lady of good fortune, her

‘ name Moreton, with her I went to
‘ Cambridge at the public installation of
‘ the Duke of Newcastle, and there I
‘ first saw, and was seen by Mr Gage,
‘ who was then a student of St John’s
‘ College. My cousin Moreton knew
‘ his family, therefore immediately upon
‘ our arrival at the university sent to him,
‘ and he gave us his company, being our
‘ beau upon all occasions during the time
‘ we stayed there.

‘ I can’t tell how it was, but a mu-
‘ tual liking took root in our hearts in fa-
‘ vour of each other, and when I went
‘ to London, thither he soon followed
‘ me; visited my cousin, declaring his
‘ passion, and begging leave to address
‘ me.

‘ He did not in the least disguise his
‘ circumstances, he told us his father was
‘ dead, and his fortune originally only
‘ 2000 l. An elder brother enjoying the
‘ family estate, which was a pretty good
‘ one, upwards of 1000 l. a-year; and
‘ that besides, he had two more brothers
‘ and three sisters, but he had an uncle,

‘ a brother of his late mother’s, who was
 ‘ his godfather, whose name is Sympson,
 ‘ and who had ever shewn him great re-
 ‘ gard, promising to make him his heir.
 ‘ This old gentleman is reputed to be
 ‘ worth a vast deal of money.

‘ Mrs Moreton, upon the application
 ‘ of Mr Gage, wrote to my uncle, who
 ‘ when he had considered the case as I
 ‘ have stated it, left me to follow my own
 ‘ inclinations. He did not express the
 ‘ least disapprobation of the match, which
 ‘ at that time was an advantageous one
 ‘ for me.

‘ Mr Gage mentioned it to his uncle
 ‘ Sympson, who seemed as well pleased
 ‘ as Lord W. and now, dear ladies, would
 ‘ you not have imagined all difficulties
 ‘ were got over? and perhaps so they
 ‘ might, if it had not been my own fault.

‘ I was just turned of seventeen, at the
 ‘ beginning of this affair, and thinking
 ‘ myself rather too young to marry, in-
 ‘ sisted upon it, that Mr Gage who then
 ‘ was twenty-three should stay ’till I was a
 ‘ few years older. This my relations as

‘ well as myself thought reasonable, so
‘ the young gentleman was, though re-
‘ luctantly, forced to comply.

‘ In a very happy manner we spent
‘ one year, seldom or ever being absent
‘ from each other, and with my cousin
‘ Moreton visited Bath, Bristol hot wells,
‘ Tunbridge and Scarborough. Mrs
‘ Moreton was a woman very fond of all
‘ public places, but of such prudent car-
‘ riage in them, that a young woman
‘ was quite safe under her protection.

‘ But at length the smiles of prosperity
‘ began to withdraw themselves from us,
‘ and the frowns of cruel disappointment
‘ to succeed; for during the second win-
‘ ter after my engagement, an old mer-
‘ chant, who had an only daughter, made
‘ a proposal to Mr Sympson, of marrying
‘ her to his nephew, and of settling all he
‘ had upon her, which was above sixty
‘ thousand pounds.

‘ Such an advantageous offer the old
‘ gentleman could not withstand, and I
‘ suppose cherished hopes that it would
‘ have

‘ have the same weight with his nephew
 ‘ it had with himself.

‘ He told Mr Gage of the proposal,
 ‘ and insisted upon his complying with it ;
 ‘ whereupon all that could be urged a-
 ‘ gainst it Mr Gage did urge. He shew’d
 ‘ how very strongly, not only his affec-
 ‘ tions, but his honour also, was con-
 ‘ cerned in making good his engage-
 ‘ ments to me ; but all this was to no
 ‘ purpose, Mr Sympson remained inflex-
 ‘ ible, not only in this, but many more
 ‘ conversations upon the same subject.
 ‘ And at last, being out of all patience
 ‘ with his nephew, for being disregard-
 ‘ less of what in his opinion was so very
 ‘ valuable, plainly told him, that if he
 ‘ would not come into those terms, he
 ‘ never should be a penny the better for
 ‘ him.

‘ This dishonourable temper of his
 ‘ uncle, enraged Mr Gage, and he left
 ‘ him abruptly, coming to Richmond
 ‘ where Mrs Moreton and I then had
 ‘ lodgings ; here he stayed a week, du-
 ‘ ring which time, you may be certain

‘ we did not, though together, enjoy
 ‘ much satisfaction.

‘ I thought the step he had taken absolutely wrong, and would have had
 ‘ him, instead of corrosives, have try’d
 ‘ by all means to mollify the old gentleman. But Mrs Moreton was against
 ‘ me, and joined in opinion with Mr
 ‘ Gage, that submissions would but increase his obstinacy, whereas, since it
 ‘ was so very evident he loved his nephew, that, and his finding him determined not to give me up, might work
 ‘ in our favour.

‘ Alas! this supposition was without
 ‘ foundation, the uncle never sent after
 ‘ the nephew, as it was hoped he would,
 ‘ and when Mr Gage went to his house,
 ‘ resolving once more to try what persuasion would do with him, admittance
 ‘ was denied!

‘ Quite thunder-struck at this, he came
 ‘ back to me, and we none of us being
 ‘ able to determine how it would be best
 ‘ for him to act, he stayed another week
 ‘ at Richmond; after which going again
 ‘ to

' to London, he met with as bad success,
 ' not being able to get to the speech, or
 ' even the sight of his uncle, though he
 ' endeavoured at it for many days suc-
 ' cessively. He questioned the servants,
 ' but to no manner of purpose; so de-
 ' spairing of any good fortune, he once
 ' more returned to Richmond.

' Near two months had passed since
 ' his first so very imprudently quitting
 ' his uncle's house, when one afternoon,
 ' as I was reading a news-paper to my
 ' cousin and Mr Gage, I met with the
 ' following paragraph.

' Such a day were married at —
 ' chapel, by the Rev. Dr Sharp, Philip
 ' Gage, Esq; second brother of Thomas
 ' Gage, Esq; of Northamptonshire, to
 ' Miss Batson, only daughter and sole
 ' heiress to Mr John Batson, merchant,
 ' a beautiful young lady, with a fortune
 ' of 40,000 l.

' I had just strength to go through
 ' with this terrible piece of news, Oh,
 ' fate! cried I, and dropped the paper,
 ' here is a dreadful stroke indeed!

' Good

‘ Good God! said Mr Gage, hastily
‘ catching up the paper, can it be pos-
‘ sible? My brother Philip married to
‘ Miss Batson. Well then I am undone!
‘ My uncle’s favour now can never be
‘ recalled! Philip indisputably, now will
‘ be his heir instead of me—ah, Caroline!
‘ my dear, dear Caroline! what can now
‘ be done?

‘ Fly instantly to town, answered I,
‘ and learn the truth; try what your
‘ uncle will do for you—something per-
‘ haps he will, though not such great
‘ matters as you expected. But depend
‘ upon it, Mr Gage, this alteration in
‘ your circumstances, shall make none in
‘ my heart, it is still yours as much as
‘ ever, if you now think it worth ac-
‘ cepting. —

—Noble woman! cry’d out Lady C.
and I, this was the height of honour,
love, and generosity! She proceeded—

‘ After having in the most tender
‘ grateful manner, thanked me for this
‘ declaration in his favour, he went to
‘ London, where he soon found the fatal
‘ truth of what the paper had told us;
‘ for

‘ for going to his uncle’s house, instead
 ‘ of being admitted, he received from a
 ‘ servant’s hand a letter, which, when I
 ‘ read it, made such a strong impression
 ‘ upon my mind, I shall remember it to
 ‘ my dying day. These were the con-
 ‘ tents.——

“ TO GEORGE GAGE.

“ In order that my door may be rid of
 “ a troublesome obtruder, I take up my
 “ pen and address a few lines to a most
 “ ungracious villain.

“ You, Master George, have flighted
 “ your interest for Caroline Leeford, let
 “ us see if she will do so for you. If she
 “ does, all I can say is, that you are two
 “ fools fit to go together; so troop, if
 “ you will, to the farthest part of the
 “ world, for I never more will see you,
 “ or give you one single shilling. Philip
 “ has behaved as a dutiful nephew ought;
 “ he has married the woman I would
 “ have him marry, and for so doing,
 “ shall be rewarded with all the land and
 “ money

“ money which belongs to his affectionate uncle (not yours *now*, mind that Sir)

“ GEORGE SYMPSON.”

“ P. S. Don't pretend to answer this letter, for if you do I shall send back whatever you write, unopened, I can tell you, so never trouble me with any of your impertinence, for it will be to no manner of purpose.”——

“ Mr Gage, upon receiving this letter, came directly to me, and putting it into my hands, Dear Miss Leeford, said he, I scorn to deceive you, there is the true state of my wretched circumstances. I now must entirely rely upon your generosity; yet one more effort I am resolved to try before I quite give up the cause; I will write once more, although forbid to do it, perhaps he may read the letter, and if he does, I hope he'll abate of his rigour. Mrs Moreton was present, and offered Mr Gage, if he would write a letter, to direct it for him,

‘ him, and by that means surprize the old
 ‘ man into reading it.

‘ This scheme was put in execution,
 ‘ he wrote immediately, and in my opi-
 ‘ nion most pathetically——

‘ He said he did not desire to injure
 ‘ his brother, only begged his uncle to
 ‘ consider, that if he had not bred him
 ‘ up with hopes of a large fortune, he
 ‘ should have been placed in some way
 ‘ of acquiring one, which from the man-
 ‘ ner of his education, he was now quite
 ‘ incapable of doing; and as his having
 ‘ had such an education was entirely
 ‘ owing to his uncle, desired him to do
 ‘ something for him, in order that he
 ‘ might be able *really* to support the gen-
 ‘ tleman, and not to leave him with the
 ‘ outward appearance only of that cha-
 ‘ racter.

‘ This was, as near as I can remember,
 ‘ the purport of the letter my cousin
 ‘ Moreton directed, which we conclude
 ‘ Mr Sympson read, for to it was return-
 ‘ ed the following answer, Mr Gage’s
 ‘ epistle

“ epistle being sent back with it, torn all
“ in pieces.

“ TO GEORGE GAGE.

“ ’Tis very true that in the education
“ of a good for nothing varlet, I have
“ spent a great deal of money, but I have
“ at last gained so much experience as
“ not to waste any more upon him. I
“ tell thee, George, once again very
“ plainly, that I never will give thee a
“ shilling, and if forward Mrs Caroline
“ directs any more letters, I won’t read
“ them; that trick won’t pass twice, I
“ can assure her, for I’ll open none that
“ come to me under her sweet hand-
“ writing any more than yours; and
“ since she begins her tricks with me, I’ll
“ be even with her, never fear; I’ll
“ write to her uncle the Earl of W. and
“ tell him I have disinherited my ungra-
“ cious nephew; he is her guardian, and
“ she is under age, so he has some power
“ over her. If he is wise he will take
“ her home, and prevent her from throw-
“ ing

“ing herself away upon such a worthless
 “chap as you, George, who once was
 “the doating piece, but now are detested
 “by your enraged uncle,

“GEORGE SYMPSON.”

‘On the receipt of this cruel epistle
 ‘and the fragments of his own, Mr Gage
 ‘gave up all hopes, but most nobly did
 ‘he behave in the following conversation
 ‘which we had upon this subject.’

Which conversation my dear Cordelia
 at present I must not give you, having
 already written as much as one frank
 will contain, but in another letter which
 shall immediately follow this, you shall
 have a continuation of Mrs Gage’s his-
 tory, from

Your

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER LXI.

Miss JULIA, in Continuation of the History.

C. Park, March 12.

‘ O H! Caroline, dear Caroline, I ne-
 ‘ ver must call you mine! I can-
 ‘ not, for the sake of purchasing happi-
 ‘ ness for myself, consent to ruin the
 ‘ woman I love beyond myself. And
 ‘ certain ruin your union with me must be.
 ‘ My fortune is nothing! not sufficient
 ‘ to maintain me, in any degree accor-
 ‘ ding to the manner I have always lived
 ‘ in; my uncle, from my first going to
 ‘ Cambridge, added to the interest of my
 ‘ money enough to make my yearly in-
 ‘ come 200l. which (I am ashamed to
 ‘ own my extravagance) I could not
 ‘ make do, so that I have been forced to
 ‘ break into the principal some hundreds.
 ‘ I’ll disguise nothing from my dearest
 girl!

‘ left, I’ll purchase a commission in some
‘ marching regiment, and go directly
‘ either abroad, or into Scotland, Ireland,
‘ or Wales. Weep not, my dear girl
‘ (indeed I did most plentifully) for no
‘ other but this cruel alternative remains
‘ —It must be so!

‘ Then, replied I, a more miserable wo-
‘ man than your Caroline can not be
‘ found! Your Caroline, did I say? no,
‘ you reject her.

‘ Oh! Miss Leeford, answered he, how
‘ does that wound me? I reject you!

‘ Yes, said I, don’t you say absolutely
‘ that you will go abroad and leave me
‘ for ever? Is not this rejecting me? In-
‘ deed, Mr Gage, I did not think part-
‘ ing would have been a thing so very
‘ easy to you; indeed I did not! and I
‘ wept again most bitterly!

‘ Charming creature, answered he,
‘ kissing away my tears, what can be
‘ done? Can *you*, or do you think Lord
‘ W. will *now* ever, consent to our uni-
‘ on?

‘ Perhaps

‘ Perhaps not, replied I; but my fortune is my own when I am at age: So we only need wait till then, in case he should deny us his consent; when I am at age his power ceases; he can’t withhold my fortune from you then.

‘ And can you, my dear Caroline, really be sincere, said Mr Gage? Can you at the age of nineteen, with such a person, such accomplishments, and such a fortune as yours, really intend to attach yourself to a man who is almost destitute of support, and must in a great degree depend upon your bounty?

‘ Yes, replied I, and in so doing act only as true honour in my opinion dictates; at the beginning of our engagement the superiority of fortune was in all appearance on your side: Now, Mr Gage, if by any accident I could have lost my estate, would that loss have any way altered your sentiments regarding me?

‘ No, by heaven! answered he, it would not, for I should, if possible, have had in such a case, an higher satisfaction

‘tisfaction in calling you mine without
‘ a fortune; not from any desire of lay-
‘ ing you under obligations to me, but
‘ from a wish of being the more deser-
‘ ving of you.

‘ Well then, Mr Gage, said I, if in such
‘ a situation you would have acted in such
‘ a manner, you cannot be surpris’d, or
‘ question that in the same circumstances
‘ I shall do the like?

‘ Surpris’d! repeated he: Yes, in-
‘ deed I am surpris’d! Thou art a won-
‘ der of a woman; whom but thyself
‘ would act thus generously?

‘ Many of the sex I hope, returned I;
‘ and such is my good opinion of them
‘ as to think numbers would: For what
‘ is it I shall do? Only fulfil an en-
‘ gagement, which all the ties both of
‘ honour and affection in my opinion
‘ bind me to perform. Therefore, I once
‘ more assure you, that your change of
‘ fortune makes none in my sentiments;
‘ for all the promises I ever made you, I
‘ am resolv’d to keep.

‘ Then,

‘ Then, cried he, folding his arms about me, I shall be happy! My dear, dear girl! we will never part.

‘ Ah, Mr Gage! said I, why then did you so cruelly alarm my fears by talking of it?

‘ From a true principle of honour and affection, answered he. In the first place, I considered, that should you in your own mind find a repugnancy to perform your engagements to me, upon the score of my deficiency of fortune, yet I knew your honour to be such, you would at all events perform them, though certain thereby of involving yourself in many difficulties. Honour therefore in my opinion has strongly bound me to give you a release, in case you chose to be released; and affection urged me to give you full liberty: For so ardent is my affection for you, that in all things I prefer your interest far beyond my own. I hereupon resolved, (but Oh! what infinite struggles I had before I could bring myself to such a resolution, is more
‘ easy

‘ easy to be imagined than expressed) I
‘ resolved to make you an offer of lea-
‘ ving you entirely free, and not to give
‘ you that freedom by halves, wording
‘ what I declared to be a releasement, in
‘ such terms as might perhaps prove more
‘ binding than those promises I pretended
‘ to absolve you from. No, I determi-
‘ ned to leave it in your power to act just
‘ as you pleased; I knew you to be a ge-
‘ nerous noble girl, and so you have pro-
‘ ved yourself; you shew me that you
‘ may be safely trusted with power, since
‘ you do not abuse it!

‘ After much more conversation of the
‘ like nature, it was between us resolved,
‘ that I should write myself to the Earl
‘ of W. informing him truly of Mr
‘ Gage’s misfortune, and be if possible
‘ before hand with old Sympson: Accor-
‘ dingly I sent my uncle a letter, and
‘ before I received his answer to it, my
‘ situation was really bad enough. Mrs
‘ Moreton was daily urging me to take
‘ that release Mr Gage had offered me,
‘ pointing out how much it would be for
‘ my

‘ my advantage if I quitted him. But
 ‘ as she had no authority over me, I on-
 ‘ ly gave an hearing to what she advan-
 ‘ ced, paying no other regard to any
 ‘ of her discourses upon a subject to me
 ‘ so very disagreeable and irksome.

‘ At length a letter from my uncle
 ‘ came; it was brought me by my cousin
 ‘ Edward (for so I always used to call
 ‘ Lord C.) and the contents, how did
 ‘ they distress me! I was commanded to
 ‘ take leave for ever of Mr Gage, and set
 ‘ out the next day for Nottinghamshire.
 ‘ My heart seemed almost broke, I endea-
 ‘ voured to make my cousin Edward my
 ‘ friend, he kindly pitied me, but said he
 ‘ dared not dispute his father’s will, there-
 ‘ fore must take me down to C. Park as
 ‘ he was ordered, being sent up to Lon-
 ‘ don for that purpose, the Earl fearing I
 ‘ would not so readily have attended any
 ‘ body else, as his son, Lord C. This was
 ‘ in the morning, and my cousin left me,
 ‘ saying he must meet with no denial
 ‘ next day when he called upon me in
 ‘ the coach at eight—I was silent, so he
 ‘ might

‘ might construe that into consent if he
 ‘ pleased; for indeed I could not speak,
 ‘ my heart was too full.

‘ In the afternoon Mr Gage came to see
 ‘ me, and I told him what had happened,
 ‘ when he appeared like one distracted.

‘ Ah, Caroline! said he, now you must
 ‘ be lost to me. Yes, yes, when separated
 ‘ from me in this cruel manner, you
 ‘ will be persuaded by your relations:
 ‘ Their intreaties must then prevail, and
 ‘ you will give me up at their instigation.
 ‘ Well, if you do, God Almighty bless
 ‘ and make you happy, Caroline. I never,
 ‘ never will upbraid you—Never—
 ‘ (tears at the same time starting from his
 ‘ manly eyes.)

‘ Ah, Mr Gage! said I, still will you
 ‘ suspect my constancy of affection? What
 ‘ can I say? What can I do to make you
 ‘ easy?

‘ Not go to C. Park, returned he. Oh,
 ‘ heaven! answered I, how can that possibly
 ‘ be avoided? I must go thither—
 ‘ Lord C. I am sure, will compel me.

‘ Then

‘ Then you will inevitable be lost, replied he, and I must be miserable.

‘ Oh, heaven! cried I, and stamped with tender passion, what can I do? ‘ Dear, dear Mr Gage, tell your Caroline; she will do any thing which you ‘ advise her to.

‘ There is but one way of escaping the ‘ threatened storm, my dearest girl, said ‘ he, and that——

‘ Ah! name it, name it, interrupted I, ‘ not staying to let him. Indeed, indeed, ‘ your Caroline will do any thing.

‘ You must marry me this very hour, ‘ answered he (I started and changed colour.) He continued, Mistake me not, ‘ my angel; be not alarmed; I do not ‘ urge you, since it is your happiness alone ‘ which I am anxious for. If you can ‘ be happy without me, do not be mine; ‘ I will still release you of all your promises, though sure to die. But if you ‘ really find that your happiness depends ‘ upon me, as mine entirely does upon ‘ you; if you can prefer a moderate competence with me, rather than the afflu-
‘ ence

‘ence of fortune you may reasonably expect to share with another; and if you think, nay, not only *think*, but are very *certain*, that your sentiments upon this head never will be liable to change, then, my dear Caroline, be really, be unalterably, *my* Caroline; be so beyond the reach of any earthly power. Let it not be in the power of your cruel relations, who now endeavour to separate us, to disjoin two people, whose souls seem to have formed the most solid, the most perfect union. Since if we unite, we shall plainly prove, that no clash of interest on either side could tempt us to break our vows, or hinder our union of hands as well as hearts. Indeed, indeed, my Caroline, this is the only way we can possibly act in, if desirous of avoiding the evil I dread.’

Here Mrs Gage was interrupted in her discourse by the entrance of the Earl and Mr Gage, who then joined us in order for tea. But they, when told what our employment had been, kindly left us to pursue it as soon as tea was over,

‘when

when the lady again resumed her narration, as I shall proceed to-morrow to inform you, at which time I hope to finish the history.



March 13.

I have got all the rest of the good folks to take an airing without me this morning, telling them I wanted to finish the little narration Mrs Gage had given me while it was fresh in my memory, fearing if I deferred it for any length of time, I might forget some material incidents.

I left off with Mr Gage's saying, if she would avoid the evil they dreaded, she must marry him. 'For, pursued he, if
' before you are mine past the power of
' being disunited, you go into Nottinghamshire, I am very certain you never
' will be mine. Such a tender breast as
' yours will be unable to resist intreaty, if
' repeatedly and strongly urged; nay,
VOL. III. K ' perhaps'

‘ perhaps you may be compelled to marry
‘ another person.

‘ Oh, that I never will, cried I, indeed,
‘ Mr Gage ; I never will marry any man
‘ but you.

‘ Then, replied he, if you are really so
‘ determined, go with me this instant—
‘ Let us from this happy hour be one.

‘ I was beyond measure confusèd, and
‘ knew not what I did ; when he, im-
‘ proving that confusion to his own ad-
‘ vantage, took my hand and led me
‘ down stairs. (I should have mention-
‘ ed, ladies, that I was at this time at
‘ Mrs Moreton’s house in town ; we had
‘ left our lodging at Richmond.) We
‘ got to the door, and in going thither
‘ no one saw us, when, most fortunately,
‘ an empty coach plied us. Mr Gage
‘ opened the door of it, put me in, and
‘ as he stepped in himself, softly bid the
‘ man drive on a little way, and then he
‘ would tell him where to carry us.

‘ The fellow, who perhaps had been
‘ used to such kind of affairs, did as he
‘ was commanded, and when he had gone
‘ the

‘ the length of a street or two, got from
 ‘ his box, and, putting his head quite
 ‘ into the window of the coach, asked
 ‘ where we chose to go? To the Fleet
 ‘ Chapel, answered Mr Gage. What,
 ‘ a wedding! is it not, an’t please your
 ‘ honour? I hope you’ll give me some-
 ‘ thing to drink your honour’s health
 ‘ and sweet Madam’s there, said the
 ‘ coachman.

‘ I will, I will, replied Mr Gage—Be
 ‘ quick, drive on. He did so, and we
 ‘ were married; but, ladies, will you
 ‘ believe it? I was so hurried all the time
 ‘ the ceremony was performing, I scarcely
 ‘ remember what kind of place the chapel
 ‘ was!

‘ This important event over, Mr Gage
 ‘ intreated that he might carry me to a
 ‘ relation’s house of his, but I absolutely
 ‘ refused complying, and insisted upon
 ‘ it he should take me back to Mrs More-
 ‘ ton’s; for, said I, I am determined to
 ‘ tell her what I have done, and to ask
 ‘ her advice how to proceed. He said
 ‘ all he could to change my resolution;

‘ but finding me inflexible, bid the man
‘ set us down at the same house where we
‘ came out, when he took us up.

‘ My cousin, it seems, had missed me,
‘ and was in a most dreadful fright; for
‘ no one of the servants having seen my
‘ escape, could tell her any thing about
‘ me.

‘ Mr Gage handed me up stairs, but
‘ we neither of us told her where we had
‘ been, answering to her demands concerning it, that it did not signify.

‘ He told us he would take his leave
‘ for about an hour, but with Mrs Moreton’s permission would return to spend the evening.

‘ I suppose, Sir, answered she, you
‘ know that Miss Leeford is to set out for
‘ C. Park to-morrow?

‘ I know, Madam, replied he, it is her
‘ uncle’s intention——

‘ And therefore must be hers, Sir, said
‘ my cousin. You, Mr Gage, are a very
‘ worthy man, and I really pity you, but
‘ you never must hope now to marry Miss
‘ Caroline. The Earl never will give his
‘ consent

‘consent to it; he has ordered her to
 ‘take a final leave of you, so for that
 ‘purpose you shall be welcome to spend
 ‘the evening with her.

‘He bowing, departed, as had been
 ‘agreed between us.

‘And no sooner was he gone but my
 ‘cousin began—I make no question, my
 ‘dear child, but you are very uneasy;
 ‘yet since it is impossible to expect your
 ‘uncle ever will consent to make you
 ‘happy your own way, you will do best
 ‘if you endeavour to bring yourself to
 ‘a resignation to his will, the disputing
 ‘of which can be of no service to you.
 ‘No, my Caroline, you must never, as
 ‘things have turned out, think of mar-
 ‘rying Mr Gage.

‘I promise you, I never more will think
 ‘of marrying him, Madam, answered I.

‘Dear girl, said she, and kissed me,
 ‘that is noble, that is——

‘Ah, cousin, cousin, interrupted I, I
 ‘won’t impose upon you—I hate deceit
 ‘—I have just now been at the Fleet with

‘ Mr Gage, and am actually married to him.

‘ Surely never was the picture of astonishment more strongly painted, than upon the face of Mrs Moreton on hearing me pronounce these few words.

‘ Married! cried she, married! Why then, girl, thou art absolutely ruined—ruined past redemption!

‘ Be not too hasty in your judgement, dear cousin, answered I, perhaps things may turn out better than you imagine.

‘ Oh, Caroline! said she, do not be blind; take a view of your situation as it really is, and then tell me if you do not see ruin stand staring full in your face. Here you are but just nineteen, and till you are at age cannot demand more of your fortune than your uncle pleases to allow you; he will doubtless be enraged, and not allow you more than he at present does. Mr Gage, in the article of fortune, very little can assist you; then what are you to do for two long years to come? Long years, I fancy, they will appear; for
‘ love

‘ love, mere love, is a poor kind of living.
 ‘ Oh, child, child! what a woeful busi-
 ‘ ness thou hast made of it.

‘ We had much discourse upon this
 ‘ subject till Mr Gage returned, and then
 ‘ he joining with me, we a little mollified
 ‘ our cousin. She advised, that I should
 ‘ set out according to my uncle’s order
 ‘ for C. Park next morning, and when
 ‘ with him, use all the art I was mistress
 ‘ of, in order to bring him into good hu-
 ‘ mour, then own the affair, and rely
 ‘ upon his mercy.

‘ Mr Gage objected to this, upon ac-
 ‘ count of our being parted; but I
 ‘ agreeing with Mrs Moreton that such a
 ‘ manner of acting would be best, he was
 ‘ obliged to give up the point, and suffer
 ‘ me to attend Lord C.’s call, who, I am
 ‘ certain, would not easily have been per-
 ‘ suaded to leave me behind, when char-
 ‘ ged by his father to the contrary.

‘ At a little before eight next morning
 ‘ Mr Gage took his farewell of me—
 ‘ Our’s, you may believe, ladies, must
 ‘ be a very tender parting, but it cannot
 ‘ well

‘ well be described, since both our hearts
‘ were too full to permit our words to
‘ flow with any great coherency ; we
‘ knew not what we must dare to hope,
‘ or when we should meet again.

‘ He was but just gone when Lord C.
‘ arrived in my uncle’s coach ; and after
‘ a journey, which my cousin Edward,
‘ by doing and saying all the agreeable
‘ things in his power, endeavoured to
‘ render as little as possible irksome to
‘ me, we reached this house, I entering
‘ it with the most aching heart surely
‘ which ever poor girl had.

‘ Lord W. received me with sweet
‘ marks of affection ; and those greatly
‘ hurt me, well knowing what cause I
‘ had to fear a total alteration in his be-
‘ haviour, when he should be acquainted
‘ with the step I had taken.

‘ He never once touched upon the sub-
‘ ject the first evening of my arrival ; he
‘ kindly imputed my evident uneasiness
‘ to the fatigue of my journey, and per-
‘ mitted me, as soon as ever supper was
‘ over, to retire with Mrs Carter, who
‘ seemed

‘ seemed much surpris’d at my shedding
 ‘ tears so very plentifully.

‘ Dear Miss Caroline, said the good
 ‘ woman, when we were got into my
 ‘ apartment, you are so very dull at
 ‘ leaving London, I am afraid you have
 ‘ left your sweetheart behind you. Well,
 ‘ well, I know you ever was a prudent
 ‘ young lady, you would not set your
 ‘ mind, I am sure, upon a man my mas-
 ‘ ter would not like, so do not cry so,
 ‘ my dear Miss, your lover will soon
 ‘ follow you.

‘ Her words cut me to the soul. Ah,
 ‘ Mrs Carter, said I, do not talk to me
 ‘ on this subject, indeed I can’t bear it.

‘ Next morning, as soon as breakfast
 ‘ was over, Lord C. left the room, when
 ‘ my uncle began——

‘ My dear Caroline, the mark of obe-
 ‘ dience you have given, in quitting
 ‘ London immediately upon my desire,
 ‘ I hope is not the only one. I hope
 ‘ you will not stop there, but as readily
 ‘ comply with the pressing intreaties I
 ‘ shall make you, to give up all thoughts
 ‘ of

‘ of a man, whose circumstances are such
‘ as indeed, my dear child, give no room
‘ for you to think of marrying him. Do
‘ not cry so, my Caroline—Come, let
‘ your uncle kiss away your tears; he
‘ loves thee, sweet girl, as well as a fa-
‘ ther could; he most sincerely pities
‘ thee—Yes, my dear, I can tell what it
‘ is you must now suffer; but depend
‘ upon it, time will relieve you; ’tis but
‘ making one great struggle, and all will
‘ be well. I will do all in my power to
‘ help you; so will Ned; so will your
‘ Mrs Carter, who loves you as her own
‘ child. Do not cry so, do not cry so,
‘ my dear Caroline, (kissing me again)
‘ I will not have you be uneasy, it gives
‘ me great pain, indeed it does.

‘ I am sure his words and behaviour
‘ gave me great pain; and resolving not to
‘ impose upon his tender affection, I fell
‘ upon my knees, and owned what I had
‘ done.

‘ Up started the Earl, ran to a window,
‘ put up a sash, then pulled it down a-
‘ gain; after which he walked about the
‘ room

' room very fast in great emotion, but
 ' for many minutes not speaking a word.
 ' I still continued in my kneeling posture,
 ' when at length he came and stood by
 ' me, folding his arms across, at the same
 ' time fixing his eyes upon me with great
 ' attention—Such marks of—I can't tell
 ' how to express it, a pity, a distressed
 ' pity, in his looks, as cut me to the
 ' soul. I could not speak, though I tried
 ' at it several times, but grief and shame
 ' had quite tied my tongue.

' At last tears bursting from my uncle's
 ' eyes, Poor girl, said he, thou art un-
 ' done, thou art undone!

' Not all that he could have utter-
 ' ed in passion would have hurt me like
 ' these words. I crept after him upon
 ' my knees, and taking fast hold of his
 ' legs, clasped my arms round them, say-
 ' ing, Oh, Sir! dear, dear Sir, forgive
 ' me—pray forgive your poor distressed
 ' Caroline.

' Thou hast ruined thyself, child, an-
 ' swered he. What good after that will
 ' my forgiveness do thee? Yet by my
 ' soul

‘ soul I pity thee ; thou art young, very
‘ young, and cannot tell what a world
‘ of trouble thou hast engaged in.

‘ Dear Sir, repeated I, pray, pray for-
‘ give me—do not be angry with your
‘ afflicted girl.

‘ Angry with thee, said he, walking
‘ about the room, and swallowing as if
‘ something almost choaked him—angry
‘ with thee—I, I—violently swallowing
‘ again, and then continuing silent for
‘ some time. At length, coming to me
‘ and taking my hand, No, child, no, I
‘ won’t be angry with thee, I need not
‘ add to thy troubles. Poor girl ! poor
‘ girl ! taking me off the ground and
‘ setting me in a chair, thou wilt have
‘ troubles enough.

‘ I now was quite overcome, and ready
‘ to faint, when the Earl left the room
‘ and sent Mrs Carter to me ; poor wo-
‘ man she wondered what was the mat-
‘ ter, and I had neither spirits nor incli-
‘ nation to tell her ; all I could get out
‘ was—my uncle ! oh ! he never will for-
‘ give me ! why does he leave me ? and

‘ at

‘ at length, being agitated in so tumultu-
 ‘ ous a manner, it made me quite ill,
 ‘ and I was forced to be put to bed.

‘ In this way I continued all the re-
 ‘ maining part of the day, and not rest-
 ‘ ing at night, was worse next morning;
 ‘ which when it was told to the Earl by
 ‘ Mrs Carter, he behaved upon it in
 ‘ a manner which quite frightened her;
 ‘ she thereupon came back to me, say-
 ‘ ing, Lord, Miss Caroline! what can be
 ‘ the matter with you and both my mas-
 ‘ ters? The young one seems afflicted,
 ‘ but the Earl he cries like a child.
 ‘ When I told him how ill you was, Oh,
 ‘ Mrs Carter! said he, send---send in-
 ‘ stantly for help, I cannot---cannot lose
 ‘ my Caroline? and yet that Caroline is
 ‘ lost to me! Go, send for Dr T. send
 ‘ directly. Poor girl! poor girl, is she
 ‘ really very bad? Indeed, my Lord,
 ‘ said I, I think she is very bad. Here’s
 ‘ work for you, here’s work for you,
 ‘ Ned, said my Lord to my young mas-
 ‘ ter; could you have thought Caroline
 Vol. III. L D W E ‘ would

‘ would have acted thus? and then he
‘ fell a crying.

‘ I have sent for the doctor, continued
‘ Mrs Carter, and now, my dear young
‘ lady, pray tell me what is the matter?

‘ I wept, but answered nothing; and
‘ soon after my kind uncle came to my
‘ bed-side. How does my child do, said
‘ he? Better, I hope, than she was? let
‘ me feel your hand?

‘ Oh, Sir! answered I, kissing his, I
‘ don’t merit this goodness, I have---I
‘ have---

‘ Done foolishly, said he, but as it can-
‘ not be now helped, we must endeavour
‘ to make the best of it. Are you able
‘ to give some little account of the affair?
‘ Won’t talking injure your health, Ca-
‘ roline?

‘ I assured him it would not, so pro-
‘ ceeded to give him much the same
‘ particulars I have been relating to you,
‘ ladies, and when I had done---

‘ Great honour on both sides, said
‘ my uncle; all that I find fault with
‘ Gage for, is his being so very hasty;
‘ yet

' yet allowances are to be made for him
 ' in that particular too: He is a young
 ' man, and greatly loves you, I make no
 ' question, therefore it is no wonder he
 ' was desirous of securing you his, past
 ' the power of us all to take you from
 ' him. Well child, compose yourself,
 ' and get well as soon as you can, I'll
 ' consult with my son, a very warm ad-
 ' vocate for you, I can assure you; no
 ' wonder, he may think of his own turn,
 ' who knows; 'tis true I think him pru-
 ' dent, and so I thought—but I won't
 ' distress you, I'll consult Ned about the
 ' affair, and we'll settle it some way or
 ' other, and then write to Gage to come
 ' down.

' Oh, ladies! this was such unexpected
 ' goodness, I scarcely knew how to sup-
 ' port it! How contrary was this beha-
 ' viour in my uncle, to what I had cause
 ' to fear? But he was ever one of the
 ' best of men!

' My sisters, by some means or other,
 ' had heard of Mr Gage's misfortune,
 ' so upon his being out of his uncle's fa-
 L 2 vour,

‘ vour, they both wrote to me, and very
‘ strongly insisted upon it I should dis-
‘ card him from mine.

‘ I answered their letters with the ad-
‘ vice of my uncle, and candidly owned
‘ my marriage, upon which they took
‘ occasion to be highly enraged, said they
‘ were ashamed of being related to a wo-
‘ man whose folly had been a disgrace to
‘ her sex and family ; in short, they used
‘ such abusive language, as made Lord
‘ W. excessively angry with them, he
‘ would not let me write to those letters,
‘ any answer at all, so we have not cor-
‘ responded since.

‘ My uncle, according to his promise,
‘ wrote to Mr Gage, who as soon as
‘ possible after the receipt of the letter,
‘ came down to C. Park, and there
‘ complying without the least hesitation
‘ with all the terms Lord W. offered,
‘ by such kind behaviour quite won his
‘ esteem ; all matters soon were settled,
‘ and the house we now live in fitted up
‘ for our reception, the generous Earl
‘ paying us to the full my yearly income,
till

‘till I came at age, which was not till
 ‘two years after this event.

‘He set no bounds to his generosity,
 ‘for the presents he has been continually
 ‘making us have been without end; in
 ‘short, between him and his son, our
 ‘five hundred a-year, as they manage it,
 ‘is to us worth near ten.

‘Oh, Lady C.! I must tell you of an
 ‘act of your Lord’s. The day before I
 ‘was to leave my uncle’s house, in order
 ‘to fix in my own, Lord C. gave me a
 ‘paper, saying, Dear Caroline, I beg
 ‘your acceptance of this trifle. But,
 ‘Miss Harrington! what do you think
 ‘that trifle was? A deed conveying to
 ‘me an annuity for life, and also to Mr
 ‘Gage, in case he outlived me, for his
 ‘life, of 200l. a-year, payable upon his
 ‘estate of 800l. a-year, which had been
 ‘left him by his grandmother, and which
 ‘he then had as an allowance for his
 ‘pocket.

‘Dear cousin Edward, said I, indeed
 ‘I can’t accept it. But indeed, cousin
 ‘Caroline, you shall, replied, he, and so
 L 3 ‘saying,

‘ saying, went away, leaving the paper
‘ in my hand.

‘ Just at this instant in came my uncle
‘ and Mr Gage, who finding me in tears,
‘ (tears of gratitude and joy) they begged to know the occasion ; upon which, I
‘ gave them the paper to speak for itself.

‘ Well done, Ned ! said Lord W. when
‘ he read it, why now boy this is noble !
‘ This is an action worthy of thee ! Mr
‘ Gage, I give you joy upon this acquisition of fortune.

‘ But, my dear ladies, continued Mrs
‘ Gage, if I go on with my accounts of
‘ the generous actions of this father and
‘ son, I shall never have done ; I have
‘ finished the history of my love, so will
‘ end my narration.’

Both Lady C. and myself thanked her for the high pleasure she had given us, and soon after the gentlemen returning from their ride, the Earl and Mr Gage likewise joining us, we spent the remaining part of the evening at cards.

I would not for any thing but have heard Mrs Gage’s story, since not only
Mr

Mr Gage and herself are raised in my opinion by it, but the Earl and Lord C. Oh, Cordelia! into what a charming family is our sister married!

I wonder what sort of creatures Lord S.'s relations are, or have been, for I never heard much about them. Well, well, I will be content for the present, as such sort of conversation will do mighty well, in case he and I should ever happen to be shut up together at his family seat in Berkshire.

We shall now positively set out from hence on the 21st. so pray let me hear from you before I leave this place; and, Cordelia, I can assure you 'till you do write, or I am convinced it is from other motives than idleness you do not, I won't send you another line, so you are not likely 'till her arrival once more in London, to hear again from your truly affectionate,

JULIA HARRINGTON.

P. S. All the folks send love and duty as usual.

LETTER



LETTER LXII.

MISS CORDELIA to Miss JULIA HARRINGTON.

Bath, March 10.

I AM afraid my dear sister will be alarmed at not hearing from me before, but I am sure she will excuse it, when she knows the occasion. Poor Mrs Stanhope has been ill: Her disorder is a very dangerous fever, and I was her nurse, which so wholly employed my time, I really could not spare any, even to write to you; she is now however, I hope out of all danger, and will recover soon.

But what do you think her illness has drawn me into? A correspondence with Colonel Stanhope, he is only Colonel Stanhope yet, for his uncle is still alive, though no hopes of his getting well again; so his nephew stays with him at Canterbury, where he is likely to remain.

When

When Mrs Stanhope was first taken ill, not being able to write herself an answer to a letter her brother had sent her; lest he should be alarmed she said, and think her worse than she really was, she begged me to write to him for her, giving him an account of her being a little indisposed; but desired I would not say too much of her illness, she not caring to make him uneasy. This was in the morning, but I did not begin my letter till night, and then she was much worse, and in the opinion of Dr M. whom I asked about it, in some danger.

Now, Julia, you know I hate to deceive any body; and knowing what an high regard the Colonel had for his sister, I thought it would be cruel to tell him she was not very bad, when perhaps the next letter I sent might inform him of her being given over, or dead; I therefore told him the whole truth, not glossing over the matter in the least with any false colouring; after which, in as short a time as possible, he returned an answer to my letter. Oh, sister, such

a charming epistle he sent me, he begged I would write to him by every post, an account of his dear sister's health, and expressed himself concerned for her in such a manner, as I am sure greatly affected me, and drew tears from my eyes, setting my heart; while I read it, into a kind of flutter, I had never felt the like before.

I complied with his request, and after this, used to write to him every day; he most punctually answering all my letters, but never mentioned in any of his, one single word about loving me—only high regard, great commendations of my disposition to aid the distressed, as I did his sister, and such like. Oh, Julia! I am fearful, indeed I am, that you are mistaken, in your opinion of him; and that he has nothing more for me than a friendly regard; else surely in such an intercourse of letters, as there has lately been between us, he would have given some hints. There is but one way I can solve this point, which is, that he is resolved, not to declare himself,

self, till his acquisition of fortune is rendered quite certain, by his uncle's death, when he may have a right to demand me. Dear sister is this the case? Do I think right? What is your opinion?

Mrs Stanhope, I believe, could write herself now, if she pleases; but says, as I have began the correspondence, I shall carry it on; and my aunt Crawford seems as well pleased as she, that I should do so. Now, for my part, I think it is wrong, as there is no necessity for it; which when there was, the case was very different, but these ladies are wiser than me, so they ought to know better how it is proper to act; for which reason I will be guided by them.

I expect a letter from him to-day, and wonder it is not come; surely he ought to be punctual, certainly my correspondence is a favour; don't you think so, Julia? I can't imagine what is the matter, our letters always used to be brought before this time of the day; his uncle may be worse, and that the reason. Well, be it as it will, I am determined he shall hear

hear no more from me, till he sends an answer to my last : No, no, Cordelia Harrington is not entirely void of resentment, she has some little share of gall he shall find, although he so often says I am all the dove.

Oh ! here comes Peggy, she has got a letter for me ; excuse me, sister, I must throw aside my pen and read it.



I have gone through the epistle, it was from the Colonel—Sir James Stanhope continues much as he was. Poor man, what he suffers ! no hopes of his recovery, and yet may linger on some time ; surely the Colonel's situation is much to be pitied, don't you think so, sister ? It must be very dreadful to have daily and hourly before his eyes so near a relation, labouring under such terrible pain ! confin'd too, as I suppose he is, to the sick-room, a sad exchange for the life he used to lead at Bath ; I dare say he wishes himself here again ; I am sure I wish he was, for
the

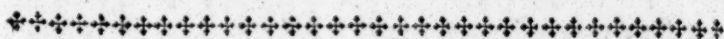
the poor young man, I really pity him in such confinement.

But I take no notice of my Julia's charming letters. When you first arrived, giving an account of your reception at C. Park, Mrs Stanhope was at the worst, so I cannot say at that time I received any great pleasure in reading of it. But since she has got better, that and the others, containing your description of the visitants, and I should have mentioned the account of your frightening Miss Randall, your play scheme, and prelude to matrimony, has been a great entertainment to us. Mrs Stanhope says, you are a charming girl, and that no subject loses by description, when you are the describer.

Pray, my dear, continue writing; go on with your journal, and you will highly oblige aunt Crawford, Mrs. Stanhope, and

Your

CORDELIA HARRINGTON.



LETTER LXIII.

Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON to
Miss RANDALL.

C. Park, March 12.

TO what an height my regard for my dearest girl at last will rise I cannot tell, since every letter I receive from her, adds so greatly to the opinion I before had formed of her fine understanding. 'Tis a long time ago that I imagined I loved so well, as to think my affection could not be augmented; but I find there can possibly be no limits set, when the merits of the admired person are daily breaking to one's view, with such new and dazzling lustre.

How charmingly do you excuse my sisters for their objections to our connection? Dear creature, you are all goodness! all innocence! Your breast contains

no art itself, therefore suspects no art in others.

You said in one of your letters, that you was very different from Julia—Yes, my charmer, so you are; her passions are all storm and tempest, but you—

Disclaim

*Strife and her wrangling train; of equal
elements*

*Without one jarring atom you are formed,
And gentleness and joy make up your being.*

Yes, my dear girl, but for thy sweet, thy unsuspecting disposition of soul, thou must have seen through Julia; her pretended confidence in you was all art and cunning, in order to draw you into making a full discovery of what at present she in part suspects. For what did she intrust you with? Her intentions concerning Lord S. A mighty trust indeed—a secret known to all the world! Has she not for a long time, in the most free and public manner, permitted him to address her? What else then can she

possibly intend, after she has by her plaguy coquettish airs almost teased his heart out, but to marry him? This she must do, or she would be one of the most infamous jilts that ever breathed.

Ah, Letitia! this sister of mine has the cunning of the devil in her; she would deceive an hundred such innocents as you—Therefore, my dear girl, by your affection (if it is really true that you have that affection for me I flatter myself you have) beware of Julia. Do not trust her, I conjure you, with any of our concerns, but be extremely cautious what you say whenever she has the impertinence to question you, which I am certain she will do pretty closely when she comes to town.

A cursed mischance befel me the other day—Your dear picture, which I constantly wear at my breast, by some means got loose, and dropped in the parlour as Julia and I were sitting alone together after dinner. I got up, and going into the garden, not missing it, thereby verified these lines of Shakespeare's—

He

*He who is robb'd, not knowing of his loss,
He is not robb'd at all.*

My sister soon followed me—Brother, said she, as she approached, have you lost nothing? Not that I know of, answered I—why, Julia, do you ask that question? Not without reason, brother, replied she.

No, I suppose not, said I, bowing—Miss Harrington very seldom does things without good reason.

She returned a sort of mock respectful curtsy, and smiling, replied, You would give me a score of such bows as that, to get back what I have got in my hand—at the same time holding it out shut quite close.

I looked upon my finger for my ring, which was safe, then my watch chain for the trinkets, all safe there too; upon which the little teasing devil laughing, said—

Aye now, people ever in these cases look in the wrong place. But what you have lost I should have thought you would have been very sensible of, since I con-

clude it was so near your heart—See, brother, for the diamond heart on your shirt bosom—have you got that?

I looked as she bid me, and there it was; but on opening my coat to search, the black ribbon, upon which my dear girl's picture used to hang, appeared, but no picture. I remember to have paid my respects to it just before dinner, which being called to in a great hurry, I suppose I left the treasure on the outside of my waistcoat, so having chafed the ribbon, it broke, and let the picture drop.

Julia immediately laid her saucy hand upon the string, saying, Lord, brother, what do you wear such a shabby piece of ribbon for?

It held, answered I boldly, a picture, which, I suppose, you have in your hand, Miss. (For, Letitia, as I found I was discovered, I thought it best to own the fact at once; and not appear as if I was ashamed of it, by foolish equivocations, which would have strengthened my sister's railery.) I therefore took hold of her hand, Come, Madam, refund, said I—Nay, nay,

may, no struggling, for I will have it—You'll make me hurt your fingers. She opened them, when, having got the picture, 'I continued, Don't you think it an excessive good likeness, Julia?

A very good one, answered she; but (with one of her confounded arch looks) I suppose, brother, you have a better engraven on your heart—a more lively one than any paint can represent.

If I have, is that any business of yours, Madam?

Yes, Sir, it is, answered she, with a resoluteness in her air, which a little provoked me; upon which I replied, Pray, Miss, explain your meaning.

I scruple not to do it, said she, and am glad so fair an opportunity has been given me of speaking my mind, upon a subject which, oh, brother, brother! you can't think what pain the silence I have kept concerning it has given me.

I have for some time had reason to suspect you had more than a common attachment to Miss Randall---Yes, yes, your eyes, your actions, both declared you
had

had more in your heart for her than mere friendship; but, Sir William, I conjure you to consider what you are about — Are there not already too many wretched women who will indulge your libertine desires? Why then will you attempt such a girl as Letitia? Why seek to destroy such a spotless innocence as hers? For that such is your design, I fear, is but too certain, since I am well convinced your *pride* will not let you stoop to marry her.

Here we were joined by Lord and Lady C. whose coming put an end to the discourse, and saved Madam Julia from my anger, me from any more of her impertinent inquiries, which was fortunate enough, as I should perhaps have been put to great difficulty in answering them; for, my dear girl, mine at that time, you must own, to be in a very bad situation. Julia, I dare say, was convinced of my loving you, therefore of consequence concluded I must have some designs.

These she thinks not honourable ones; and in that particular, circumstanced as I
am,

am, how could I satisfy her, without owning all our scheme, which doubtless would have drawn down her indignation upon us? For mind these lofty words, "I am well convinced your *pride* will not *sloop* to marry her."

See, Letitia, how the pride of Julia, your friend, your *bosom friend*, Julia, breaks out on this occasion; and now I leave you to judge, if it is not absolutely necessary for the future, that we should both of us be as circumspect as possible; not trusting any one, either of my family or yours, with our secret intentions regarding each other.

Yes, my dear girl, I think what I have now written will be sufficient to convince you, that by no other means than strict caution, we can hope to arrive at that height of happiness which (I hope) is the mutual desire of both our hearts to gain.

You must on every side be guarded against Julia, for, depend upon it, she will leave no art she is mistress of untried, to come at your secrets; she prides herself

herself in this qualification, often saying, there are few things she wants to come at the knowledge of but she is able to find out; she'll again want *your* confidence in return for *hers*: A fly cunning devil, I wonder how you escaped her; but since you have done it so long, do not, my dear girl, be imposed upon at last.

We are, to my infinite joy and satisfaction, to set out from hence the 21st, and shall arrive in town on the 24th, the day after which, my dear girl, in the morning, if you have not taken to your old lodging in the Strand, I hope you'll give me your company there for a couple of hours. Oh, how I long to see you! for truly can I say—

*When thou art from me every place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn!
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.*

Do, Letitia, if you can, get to Mrs Chambers's before we come to town, or
else

else who can answer for Julia, now she has got such a parcel of strange whims in her head? she may be for keeping you with her at Mrs Montague's, and that would be the devil! not one moment to ourselves then; for that gipsy would always be upon the watch. This you must prevent. Get your cousin to assist you, my dear; let her speak to my aunt: She may tell her, that although she spared you to her during Miss Julia's absence, she cannot do it longer than till her return. That your visit was to her, and therefore it is quite unreasonable to deprive her of your company in such a manner. This Mrs Montague must allow to be reason, and I dare say will allow it, if she is applied to before her penetrating niece gets to her. Set, therefore, my dearest girl, instantly about securing your removal, and endeavour, if possible, to lie at your cousin Chambers's on the 24th, that the morning after, I may have the pleasure of breakfasting with you.

Take my advice, and let this be settled before Julia gets to you; for if you lie

one

one night in Bond-street after her arrival, depend upon it, she will find some pretence for keeping you there.

Charles and I shall spend the evening at Mrs Montague's, and will see you safe home—never mind my sister, I will stand by you, let her scold if she will, and as much as she will: Or, Letitia, to hinder all kind of squabbling, can't you desire Mr Chambers to call upon you at eleven o'clock? I would forego the pleasure of attending you myself, to prevent disputes, and confute the arguments she might use, of its not being proper for you to go alone with a couple of young fellows, and such like; for women, when it serves their turn, can advance mighty prudent doctrine.

Well then, Letitia, so let it be—Do you contrive it with my aunt and your cousins, that on the 24th of this month, at eleven at night, Mr Chambers may call you to go to his house, where the ensuing morning you shall most joyfully be waited upon to breakfast, by

You ever truly affectionate

W. HARRINGTON.

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LETTER LXIV.

From the same to the Honourable JOHN
RENHOLDS.

C. Park, March 14.

I Cannot find time to write thee a long
epistle at present, Jack, nor is it in
the least necessary, as I now shall see thee
in so short time. Charles, however,
thinks I have been all the morning scrib-
bling to you, for so indeed I was forced
to tell him, he coming into my chamber
unawares, before I could put by the en-
closed to my dear girl.

What, writing, Will! said he. Yes,
replied I, to hinder his further enquiries,
to Jack—Hast thou any thing to say;
don't you write to him before you go
from hence? Why no, answered he, I
think not, for I have nothing of any
great consequence to write about. I did
VOL. III. N intend,

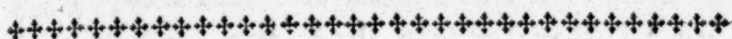
intend, if you had not wrote, to have sent him a few lines, importing the day I should arrive in town, and desired him to call together our little council, to take a dinner with me on the 25th in Grosvenor-square, in order that we might settle those preliminaries he mentions. But you, Will, now your hand is in, can do this for me.

I promised to do so; therefore, dear Jack, get all the pack together on the 25th, to meet Charles, and thy

W. H.

P. S. I need not desire you, immediately upon the receipt of it, to let my charmer have the enclosed—I know your readiness to help your friend.

LETTER



LETTER LXV.

Miss HARRINGTON to Lady C.

New Bond-street, March 25.

WE arrived safe at my aunt Montague's last night, and found the dear lady quite well, as likewise Miss Randall, who said, she did not go home that evening to her former lodging, because she would have the pleasure of seeing *me*. But on my brother's appearance, her eyes plainly enough discovered whom the compliment was intended for—Such high marks of affection could I see in all her looks; her actions indeed she restrained, and in that particular, I think, behaved with a circumspection quite unusual, a circumspection she did not always observe before I left London last, when at times, poor girl, indeed she used to be very unguarded.

I would have had her still keep with us in Bond street, but she said it was impossible, Mrs Chambers having insisted upon her coming home upon the instant of my arrival, when Mrs Montague's want of a companion could not be urged as an excuse for her staying, a thing, Miss Julia, I should be glad to do, said she. Ah, girl, thought I, thou art telling a sad fib, I doubt. Here thou canst not enjoy any pretty little *tête à têtes* with my brother, I should be at hand to watch you. But you don't go home to-night, my dear, do you? asked I.

Yes, replied she, Mr Chambers is to call upon me at eleven—But Madam, I will see you again some time to-morrow.

It will be charity in you to dine with my aunt and sister to-morrow, said Sir William, for Charles and I shall not be here all day, being engaged to dine at home with a set of friends.

She answered she would, and my aunt saying, she should be glad to see her, that point was settled.

My

My brother, all the evening, I thought, was in his conduct to Letitia, greatly upon the reserve. I suppose the affair of the picture I told you of, came into his mind, and made him fearful if he did not act with caution, I might give him an hint or a look which might disconcert him a little.

Oh, sister! what a pleasure it is to be able to hold a rod over these same lordly creatures, *men*, and make them afraid of one? But this morning, I conclude, he breakfasts with her, and then, I suppose, he will amply pay himself; he will throw off restraint, which he may do, I fear, without much dread of her displeasure; she is now, poor creature, so very evidently in his power, I wish to save her, but really do not know what to do.

Suppose, Lady C. I was to give her a caution, if a fair opportunity should offer? To tell her I fear my brother, being such a gay man, may lead her into some bad scrape, and therefore, beg her to be very cautious. The consequence of this,

I know, would be her telling him ; for women in her situation use no reserve to the wretch who is plotting their ruin. And then my brother's displeasure immediately falls upon my head, for meddling with his concerns, and perhaps defeating his scheme.

Yet, I think, if Letitia would not absolutely believe what I should say to her upon the subject, it must make some little impression on her mind ; which done, and when she should come to think seriously about the matter, in such intervals her reason doubtless would return, yielding its assistance to save her virtue, which, though it is present, I very much fear, from her being blinded by her own passion (I may add her own innocence too, for the greater the innocence, the more easy it is to be imposed upon by an artful man) in rather a tottering state, I nevertheless think, that in principle, there lives not a woman of stricter virtue than Letitia Randall is at present, how long she may remain so, that is my fear, since it is impossible, according to
an

an old observation of our dear late father's; to suck in poison at the eyes and ears, without at last feeling the bad effects of it.

But before I determine in the least how to act in this affair, I'll beg your advice, Constantia; pray tell me how you think I ought to act, and I will behave as you shall direct. If you say it is right for me to caution the girl, though my brother's anger I know will be the consequence of it, that will I hazard, since what a mean selfish disposition must that be, which would not run the chance of rendering itself liable to some inconveniencies, to save a friend from ruin?

I expect Letitia here every moment, she being, as I told you, to dine with us to-day. The *junto*, as my brother and his fine set of companions call themselves, are to meet at Grosvenor-square, fine carousing no doubt? I don't like this by any means, but dare not say so at present, lest by too great a rigour, I should nip in the bud, that reformation, I hope is begun in Lord S. Indeed, sister, he
was

was very good, don't you think so, all the time he was in the country? But this bad town, and these worse men, will, I doubt, spoil him, if I don't take great care.

Send me, my dear sister, your opinion very soon, in what manner I ought to act by Letitia; present my love to your Lord and the Earl. I can't write more at present, as I must answer Cordelia's letter, than that I am,

Your affectionate

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER LXVI.

From the same to Miss CORDELIA
HARRINGTON.

New Bond-street, March 25.

INdeed, my dear girl, I did begin to be dreadfully alarmed at your unusual silence, and really could assign no cause for it but illness, which it seems was the true cause, and entirely excuses you.

Poor

Poor Mrs Stanhope! I love her by character, and am sorry for the danger she has been in; but all the danger you say is now over, therefore beg her to receive my sincere congratulations upon her recovery, wishing her established health, and no more returns of that troublesome visitant the *fever*.

But was my poor dear sister afraid her sweet-heart would not write to her on the day she expected? Ah, Delia! Delia! Thou hast run the race of love at a violent rate indeed; thou art finely in for it, I can tell thee, child; I now do hope indeed the man means what I wish he should mean, or else truly you are in a sad way; but don't be frightened, my dear. I make no doubt, in proper time he will declare himself in the manner we desire, and either by letter or word of mouth, say thus, or to this purpose:

I Colonel Stanhope love thee, Miss Harrington;

Dear Miss Harrington, love me Colonel Stanhope.

I Colonel Stanhope would marry thee,
Miss Harrington;
Pray, Miss Harrington, marry me Colonel Stanhope.

In this manner must his petition be worded, if it is made before his uncle's death: But after that event, when he will be able to say,

I Sir Stanhope, &c.——

Then Cordelia, how far more pompous and swelling will be the sound?

I want much to see the man who has in this strange manner bewitched my sister. Cordelia, don't you think you could draw his picture and send it me? Don't you carry his image stamped deeply upon your heart? On searching should we not find

'Tis there engraven on the living tablet?

If so, you can as easily make your pencil as your pen describe; you can draw from the heart, as well as write from

from the heart ; therefore, dear girl, set about it, for it will be very pretty amusement for you in the absence of the sweet original, to see,

At every touch the blooming likeness grow !

And when finished, if you can part with the dear resemblance, send it to me, that I may have a peep at our *brother elect*, for that my brother he will be in due time, I make no question ; so my dear, if many more of his letters should be fill'd with "*Only high regard,*" don't be uneasy, for I think it not at all unlikely, though he may in his own mind be determined to address you, that he will defer the declaration 'till his uncle is dead, when he will be in possession of a title and estate proper to demand you of our family.

He thinks, doubtless, he may wait in this manner quite safely, as there appears no danger of losing you, which he may rest pretty certain of, as I don't hear of your having any offers elsewhere ; such
an

an event I am positive, should it happen, would spur him on, for such strange kind of animals are the men, they never truly know the value of a thing till in some fear of losing it. This I can advance from experience, for Lord S. never fully made his declaration to me, till he found he had a competitor in the Earl of M. who applied soon after I came to town to my brother, for his interest with me; I believe, Cordelia, I never mentioned this affair to you before: Indeed I could say but little about it, for, to my knowledge, I never saw Lord M. in my life.

He, it seems, was desirous of an union with me, and applied to Sir William, of whom, when he mentioned it to me, I begged some little time to consider of it; he thereupon left me, and before I had time to put my considering cap on, in came Lord S.

You look rather thoughtful, Miss Harrington, said he: I have reason, answered I, and then told him of the proposal. He started—but recollecting himself, immediately made a declaration of
his

his own passion, and true man like, never losing any thing which can possibly turn out to their own advantage, made as a plea for his having been so long silent upon that head, his excessive high respect, the awe he had, which restrained his tongue from speaking freely the dictates of his heart; but, Madam, said he, in the defence of such a prize as you, a coward must be brave. I could not any longer observe the respectful distance I before had kept, when in danger of losing you, I beg you, on my knees I beg you, not to encourage this proposal of Lord M.

Why, truly, replied I, this request is not very unreasonable, since by it you do not attempt taking from me the chance of being a lady.

Be mine! be mine, sweet angel, said he, snatching my hand, and imprinting a kiss upon it, indeed I may say he imprinted a kiss, for he prest it so closely, that he absolutely hurt me, and made my hand quite red.

Hold, hold! cried I, not so fast neither; my hand is not yours yet, pray don't make a meal upon it, I beg you; I can't give it you at present indeed, be contented, for positively all I will now promise you, is not to encourage the addresses of Lord M.

I did not encourage them, sister, for I desired my brother to make known my disinclination; the man took me at my word, and I never heard of him any more.

—But if it had not been for this, I dare say Lord S. would have dangled on a great while longer, like a fool; this however, frightened him, and put him upon his mettle.

Yet the case of Colonel Stanhope, to be sure is widely different from that of Lord S. since the former, in his present circumstances, could not, with justice, pretend to demand you; therefore, his not speaking may be accounted for this way, so my dear girl, make yourself quite easy, is the sincere advice of

JULIA HARRINGTON.

I

I broke off so very abruptly, seeing Miss Randall enter the dressing room: She desires me to send her compliments to you; but I tell her I won't, for that she may do it herself. Here, girl, take the pen, I must dress, or I shall be too late for dinner.

Wrote by Miss RANDALL.

It is so long since I saw my dear friend, and in all that time never once having wrote to her, I fear she has near forgotten me; but my dear Miss Cordelia, assure yourself, my regard for you, is not in the least abated by absence, and that you have not a more sincere friend than

LETITIA RANDALL.

You'll doubtless be surprised on receiving this letter, when you expect one from your sister, and disappointed too before you open it, seeing the direction in an hand not very well known to you, but Miss Julia being in haste to dress,

has desired me to direct and seal it for her, that it may immediately be sent away.

LETTER LXVII.

Miss HARRINGTON to Lady C.

New Bond-street, March 30.

OH, sister, sister! I am almost distracted: Our vile, vile brother! He has---yes, yes, it must be his doing, he took her---Oh! what can I do?

No need is there now of my waiting for your advice in what manner to act by Letitia, poor, weak, simple, what shall I call her? She has taken her own resolutions, gone off, silly, silly girl! But I can't learn where; Sir William also is missing, they are no doubt together.

Poor, good Mr Randall! How I pity him? When he hears of it, how will his heart be rent? It is well if it don't cost him

him his life. His doating piece! His favourite daughter! His darling, as he used to call her; she to turn out such a——Oh, sister! I am angry with her, yet, poor wretch, I pity her too; for if she has done what I fear she has, short, very short, will be the reign of pleasure: She will find, that

*—For those foolish days of wanton pride
Her soul is justly humbled in the dust.*

But what is all this to the purpose? I took up my pen in order to give you all the account I was able of this dreadful affair. Oh, my agitated heart! I can attend to nothing; I'll try to recollect myself; it will not do; my hand trembles, so I cannot write; Jenny, give me a glass of water and some hartshorn drops, and then let me make another effort.



I am a little more composed, so will now enter upon the shocking story.

This morning I took a chair, and went to Mrs Chambers's, where, when I arrived, upon my intended visit to Letitia, I found the good man in the shop, with great marks of distress upon his face. Oh, Madam! said he, on my asking for Miss Randall, our cousin, we are almost distracted about her, we were just going to send to your house to enquire for her.

What! cried I, is she not at home, Mr Chambers? At home, Madam, repeated he, she has not been at home to night, we shall run mad, my wife is almost distracted, and I fear it will cost her a fit of sickness. Dear, dear Miss Harrington, for charity's sake, do go up stairs, and try if you can comfort my poor Molly.

I was likely to prove but a very poor comforter, however, I went up into the dining-room, where I found Mrs Chambers sitting, or rather lying upon a settee, venting her distress in such sobs, as cut me to the soul!

On

On my entering, up she started, Oh, Miss Harrington, can you tell me any thing about my cousin? I shook my head. Where is your brother, Madam, can you tell me that, continued she. I have not seen him these two days, answered I.

Ah, then cried the poor woman, weeping! 'Tis so, 'tis so; he has carried her away, and by this time absolutely ruined her!

I was alarmed at this more than I am able to express; and, sitting down by Mrs Chambers, I took her hand, saying, Dear Madam, ---tell me, if you can---if you are able---when and how Letitia went away---where she went too---with whom, and for what?

Oh, Miss Harrington! replied she, I can tell you very little of the matter; my cousin, I doubt, has deceived me, but all I am able to tell, you shall know.

' Yesterday morning Sir William Harrington came here to breakfast, as he
' used very often to do, and at ten his
' chariot came in order, as he told Mr
' Chambers

‘ Chambers and me, to take him and
‘ my cousin a little airing.

‘ Do you return to dinner, Miss Ran-
‘ dall, asked I, just as she was going?
‘ Why, Madam, answered the wicked
‘ gentleman for her, if we don’t come
‘ back, I would not have you be alarm-
‘ ed, for very possibly we may dine at
‘ Kensington; we may be glad of some
‘ little refreshment; so, Madam, away
‘ they went; but Mr Chambers said to
‘ me when they were gone, Molly, did
‘ you observe Sir William’s looks? His
‘ looks, answered I. Yes, my dear, said
‘ he, I thought he seemed to look so
‘ vastly happy, and to view Miss Randall
‘ with such a transported kind of delight,
‘ as I never saw in his countenance be-
‘ fore.

‘ From the thoughts of the happy
‘ day they are to spend together, to be
‘ sure, said I; but ah, Miss Harrington!
‘ I fear, naughty, wicked man, farther
‘ than the day he carried his thoughts;
‘ he had that pleasure in his looks, which
‘ my husband took notice of, from ha-
‘ ving

‘ ving at last got the poor deluded girl to
 ‘ come into his vile scheme. She too
 ‘ went away, I have minded since, in
 ‘ very high spirits ; to be sure she must
 ‘ know what an horrid errand she was
 ‘ going upon ?

‘ Mr Chambers and I went to dinner
 ‘ at our usual time, well enough con-
 ‘ tented, not much expecting them back ;
 ‘ but when night came, and they did not
 ‘ return, indeed my fears began to run
 ‘ very high, so did Mr Chambers’s, and
 ‘ he was for sending to Mrs Montague’s,
 ‘ to know if Letitia was there, for we
 ‘ did send to Lord S.’s house, and were
 ‘ told Sir William was not at home, but
 ‘ I would not send to your house, Ma-
 ‘ dam. No, Mr Chambers said, I, if
 ‘ Miss is there, and is to lie there, I am
 ‘ sure word would be sent us of it as
 ‘ usual ; but if she is not there, as indeed
 ‘ I fear she is not, how will our saying
 ‘ she is lost with Sir William, cut Miss
 ‘ Harrington and Mrs Montague to the
 ‘ heart ? They will be afflicted for Le-
 ‘ titia, but doubly so when they con-
 ‘ sider

‘sider so near a relation is the author
 ‘ of all the mischief. No, no, my dear,
 ‘ we won’t disturb them with our fears,
 ‘ for this one night however—This one
 ‘ night, poor ladies, they shall rest in
 ‘ peace.’

For heaven’s sake, Mrs Chambers, said
 I,—Tell me, and tell me truly, to your
 knowledge, did my brother ever make a
 promise of marriage to Miss Randall?

Indeed, Madam, answered she, I know
 nothing of the matter, for of late I have
 not much troubled my head about their
 concerns. I have asked Miss no more
 than she chose to tell me, which was very
 little; but, Madam, I concluded she was
 quite safe, for though some time ago I
 had reason, from what Sir William said,
 to think that you, and the rest of his
 family, would be against the match, I
 thought, from your late behaviour to my
 cousin, your objections must be got over.
 How, Madam, could I think otherwise?
 Were you not, all of you, continually
 having Miss with you, and into parties
 where your brother was concerned? His
 love

love for Miss, and hers for him, to be sure was plain enough. You must, I think, all of you see both; and if you did, I imagined you would not, if you disapproved of it, have let them be together so much with you.

These thoughts, Madam, made me quite easy, or else, had Sir William been ten times a greater gentleman than he is, he should not have had the liberty at my house he has, without telling me why, and what his intentions were. Then, Madam, you knew what I had told you a great while ago—This was enough to have made you cautious; it made me easy, or else I should not have been so. I would, as I said before, have taken care to have known Sir William's designs, and not have been accessory to my cousin's ruin, as I am sorry to say, you, Madam, and all the rest of us, I fear have been.

Ah, Lady C. there is a great deal of truth in what the woman said. She certainly had told me enough to have opened my eyes and made me careful—Surely

ly we have all of us been infatuated! Why did you, why did I, in all this time that we have suspected my brother's designs, omit apprising Letitia of them? Nay, why did we not talk to our brother himself? We have all been to blame! all acted wrong! and see what dreadful consequences ensue!

I knew not well what course to take, but soon quitted Mrs Chambers, and ordered my chair to Grosvenor-square. I asked for Lord S. and being told by his servant, that he was reading in his study, ordered him to shew me up.

On seeing me, his Lordship rose in great astonishment, yet the turn of his countenance declared it was a pleasing one. Dear Miss Harrington, said he, saluting me---This is indeed an unexpected favour.

I pushed him back, being at that instant out of humour with all the world, saying, Don't be impertinent, good man---Can you tell me where my brother is? If not, I must be gone, for till I am satisfied

tified in that particular, I can't rest. Where does Mr Renholds live?

In Surrey-street, Madam, answered Lord S. I can answer that demand, tho' I cannot the other relating to Sir William.

Then said I, to Surrey-street I'll go--- Pray, my Lord, don't hold me---I'll go to Mr Renholds; he is of my brother's cabinet council; he perhaps can tell me where he is—Yes, I'll go to him.

Lord S. seemed quite thunderstruck: Indeed I believe my actions were to the full as disordered as my expressions.

Dear, dear creature, said he, holding fast my hand, which I struggled to get from him, What can have thus disturbed you? Have you heard any bad tidings of Sir William? He did not come home last night. Have you heard of any accident which was the occasion? Tell me, Miss Harrington; pray tell me—To see you thus disordered quite kills me.

He looked and spoke so tenderly, and at the same time pressed my hand with such affection, that my heart being before quite overcome by sorrow, and then

affected in another manner, could not support such a contrariety of passions, I sunk into a chair, and was very near fainting.

This still more alarming his Lordship, he rang a bell. Andrew came, and he ordered him to send up the housekeeper—Bid Mrs Saville come immediately, said he, and bring with her some hartshorn and water. Andrew departed, and then gently raising me forward—

My dear, dear Julia, said he, what is the matter? Sweet angel, do speak and tell me. If you are silent, I shall run mad—Has any accident befallen your brother?

The housekeeper entered at this instant, and giving me some cordial drops instead of hartshorn, I was in a great measure relieved by those, and some friendly tears which just then came to my assistance; after which, when Lord S. and I were again alone, I told him all I had learned that morning at Chambers's.

His concern hereupon fell but little short of mine. He took my hand, saying, Dear Miss Harrington! how shall I
ever

ever hope to be pardon'd by you for acting as I have done in this affair. A curse upon false honour! but from a too strict observance of that, I should have told you what I suspected of the matter — this would have alarm'd you, and prevented all the mischief.

Ah, Lord S. reply'd I, don't you, I beg you, pretend to blame yourself, you are far more excusable than I. It is of a long standing I have had cause to suspect, nay, more than to suspect; I from the beginning, I fancy, have known more of the affair than you.

I here told him the substance of my two first conversations with Mrs Chambers about it; after which, he replied—

Indeed, Madam, this is more than ever I knew of, with any certainty, for, upon my honour you may believe me, Sir William never has made me his confidant in this affair. I have, it is true, suspected that he had designs upon the lady, and that when absent he used to correspond with her; but really did not know by what means. There has not

been, my dear angel, since you reclaim'd me, that high confidence there used to be reposed in me by Sir William; he really of late has been very much upon the reserve, seldom caring, whenever I made Miss Randall especially my topic, to go on with the discourse; and for a good reason: Since such designs as his were, he was right to keep secret from me, as he might be very certain I should wholly disapprove of them.

Oh, God! cry'd I, what can now be done? to be sure the girl is ruin'd before this time. What think you, Lord S.?

He shook his head but said nothing. Nay, nay, said I, pray speak all you think.

Oh, Miss Harrington! it is well for him I am not related to the unhappy girl; for so deserving do I think her—

Ah, Lord S. interrupted I, she has doubtless been faulty; very faulty, as well as my brother!

That, Madam, replied he, is, I can assure you, a question with me. Dear Miss Julia! you are innocence itself! you know not half the arts men of intrigue

trigue will make use of to compass their designs.

Sir William, though I suppose he has never actually promised it, has, without dispute, made Miss Randall believe he would marry her; she therefore, with a belief of that kind, thought herself quite safe in his protection. This confidence in him, he makes use of, in order to get her into his power; carries her, on some false pretence, out of town; and then (for I dare pawn my honour he never did it before) throws off the mask, declares his base designs, and in the hurry of spirits such a declaration, (so very contrary to the opinion she had form'd of his intentions) throws her into, takes his advantage; which, having gain'd, he, though so palpably the aggressor in the eye of *equity*, is, in the opinion of *modern custom*, still call'd a man of honour; that is, if he has proceeded in the affair according to the general plan used on such occasions. Oh, my Julia! I shall surprise you with an account of a kind of life you at present have no notion of;

but which, in order as much as possible to extenuate the fault you may suppose Miss Randall to have been guilty of, I think it is necessary to disclose.

When a man of good fortune, who is a profest libertine, (and such in the present age, I am sorry to say, most young men of good fortune are) happens to be struck by the charms of a woman he thinks it beneath him to marry, he immediately begins plotting how to draw her in to live with him, what is call'd the life of honour: That is, in all respects like a wife, without being married; and for such a purpose as this, he will ever choose a woman of unfulfilled virtue. He is, however, mighty tenacious of his *honour*, and very cautious of staining it; and therefore never actually promises marriage, though he gives her every reason, but such a promise, to believe it is his intention. Thus he engages her affection, and at length succeeds in his design; after which, if she upbraids him for having deceived her, this is his plea to come off. Madam,
he

he will say, I have not deceived you—you have deceived yourself. Did I ever promise to marry you? No, she will answer; but you gave me all the reason in the world to think so. He replies, This proves you have deceived yourself; you wrested my meaning to your own purpose, for I can assure you it never was my intention. Shew all the letters I have ever wrote to you, and by them I will stand or fall; let my honour be fairly try'd by them, it is all I desire.

This, Miss Harrington, continued Lord S. he may safely venture to challenge; for those letters we should find to be fill'd with the highest marks of passionate affection, vows of constancy, and wishes of a connection with her for life, with a great deal of the like; but no mention of marriage—so that his honour is thereby cleared, since he will declare himself ready to fulfill all the promises he ever made her. These are, to love her, and to live with her, both which he makes no scruple of performing; and in such a situation, what can the lady do?

Why

Why, fly from him instantly, said I: That is, if he had triumph'd over her virtue by surprize, as she had not before her fall given assent to the terms he offered.

Ah, Miss Harrington! reply'd Lord S. and whither can she fly? here is another of the man of pleasure's tenets, *a woman once humbled, is always so.* Perhaps while she is mistress of her virtue, she would disdain all his proposals tending to overthrow it; his business therefore is, in an unguarded moment to attack her; when having once robb'd her of that treasure, she is glad, she must be glad, to come into a compromise. He is then secure: But if he had first made his proposals, and had she rejected them, hers would be the superior state. How different does it sound when able to say, "an attempt has been made, which I have withstood," to this, "I have been deceived; a vile man has robb'd me, by false pretences, of my virtue." For though, as I said before, the man is the aggressor, yet so cruel is custom in this particular to a woman, that in making a
 declaration

declaration of that kind, she casts a greater blot upon her own reputation than his. His character suffers not at all, according to the present notion men have of honour : And the man who has thus acted, even though the particulars of the story should be known, pays his addressee in the matrimonial way to a woman of reputation and fortune, with the same advantage, and is as well received by the family, as one who never has committed any outrage : Whereas the poor woman, who fell a victim to his arts, must ever be despised, which the man knowing, he endeavours first to triumph over her virtue, then to make proposals, which he is sure she must accept : For what else can she do ? her own sex will not look upon her ; they reject all the efforts she can make ; they will not countenance her return to the paths of virtue. But I would advise all ladies to be very cautious how they suffer themselves to censure a woman on such occasions ; lest, before they are aware, they should fall into the like snare ; which, if they do,
(give

(give me leave to say, who pretty well know the world,) they must be endued with a most uncommon share of virtue to escape.

Therefore, dear Miss Julia, if the present case, on examination, comes out to be as I have described such in general, don't let indignation rule the breasts of you and Lady C. : Endeavour if possible to find out Miss Randall; get her out of your brother's power, and be really friends to her. You may save her yet from absolute ruin. Whatever she may have suffered, I make no question her mind as yet is guiltless; you may therefore still save her, if the affair can be kept a secret. She is, notwithstanding she may have acted imprudently in this affair, a worthy girl! she was not, I dare answer for it, an easy conquest; and deserves your care.

Good Lord S! how noble in him, sister, thus to plead for the girl! indeed she appears to me in a very different light since his conversation. But these men of intrigue, Lady C. what wretches! I could

not

not have conceived any thing so vile! His Lordship said, indeed I should be surprised: He might have prefaced his discourse with the ghost's speech in Hamlet, only with a few alterations, as thus,

—But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my vile compeers,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul!

Well, for my part, if all this be true, for the future, instead of being surprised at women doing indiscreet things, I shall wonder so many escape such arts, if they are really used; and I don't think Lord S. deceived me; he could have no end to answer in that—though he is a *man*, and I am afraid of all the sex, I think.

Oh, our brother! that he, instead of a blessing, should prove our greatest curse! Our father, Constantia, had he been living, how would this wicked action have cut him to the soul!

Lord

Lord S. has promised, when he sees Sir William, to endeavour all he can to find out where Letitia is, and then I will really take his generous advice: I'll try to get her out of her deceiver's power. Would you, sister, if she is ready, if she is desirous of leaving him, take her into your protection? Do, dear Lady C. if we should still find her quite virtuous in principle, let us take pity upon the poor undone girl.

It is nine at night, and no tidings yet have been sent me of my vile brother; I wonder where he is gone—Oh! here comes Jenny, she says Lord S. asks for me; some news I hope; I'll go down and see.



Eleven at night.

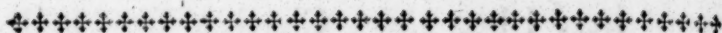
Well, Constantia, Sir William has been at home; but in such a humour—will answer no questions. Lord S. says, he ask'd him where Miss Randall was? Gone to the devil, for ought I know, reply'd he; plague upon her and all the women
in

in the world. Ask me no questions about her, I beg thee, Charles, for I shall answer none.

Lord S. then enquired where he lay the preceding night. Excuse me, Charles, was the answer. Where did you dine to-day, Sir William? At the King's-arms, with Bob Loyd and Tom Craven; Jack Renholds is gone to Epfom; he is always out of the way when I want him.—Charles, your servant, I must go and write to Jack, and shall not see you any more to-night. What, don't you lie at home to-night, Sir William? Where the devil else should I lie? Yes, I shall come home at twelve or one, I am going to meet Tom and Bob.—Your servant—and away he went.

This is all Lord S. could get out of him for the present, so I'll conclude this letter, hoping the next I write, to send you a more satisfactory account, than at present is in the power of your perplex'd

JULIA HARRINGTON.



LETTER LXVIII.

Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON to the
Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS.

Grosvenor-square, March 30.

WHAT the devil, Jack, dost thou do at Epsom, when I so much want thee in town? For pity's sake, instantly, upon the receipt of this, come back; for I am ruined and undone!

I have lost Letitia! she has got away from me, and I can't tell where she is. I am like one distracted! That devil Mrs Chambers has told Julia all she knows, so I am quite blown up. Nothing but misfortunes attend me.

Pray, Jack, don't delay; come instantly to town. Yesterday morning! oh! what an happy dog did I think myself—and now—curse it! curse it! I am——

Oh!

Oh! for a curse to kill with.

I hate all the world, and I would do such glorious mischief—But I rave, I don't tell thee my misfortune.

Yesterday morning, according to the plan we had concerted, I carried off my charming girl, spent a most delightful day with her, and succeeded in my pretence for staying out all night. I made a glorious attempt, but, poor timorous fool that I was, only an attempt; she really awed me out of my purposes, for such obstinate virtue surely never before was met with in woman. I was unable, by all the arts, all the intreaties I made use of, to induce her to yield; and as to absolute force, I could not proceed to that; though, to fright her into compliance, I threatened it several times; but she, a little artful baggage, evaded all my tricks, and by a confounded trick of her own, came off at last.

She pretended to come into a compromise with me, saying, That if I would spare her for that night, she would the

Q 2

next

next day sign articles, and make me happy. A curse light upon me, to be so imposed upon by such a chit. I know thou wilt condemn me for my folly. I know thou wilt say, I acted wrong from the beginning, and that I should not have given her the articles till I had her securely mine.

But, Jack, don't condemn me unheard. I assure thee, I did all which man in such a situation could do with such a woman. I left no art unpractised---called in the assistance of wine---endearments---in short, play'd off against her virtue all the artillery of love. But she withstood it all; and when I plainly put the question, she started into tears at the proposal---Indeed to my great surprise, for I really imagined her mine, securely mine.

I then was forced to produce the settlements. I told her she was in my power, so hoped that would make her sign them; but it was my evil hour, in every thing my confounded genius deceived me. She rejected the offer with disdain for a long time, when at last thinking, as I suppose, all her resistance would be vain, perceiving

perceiving me grow resolute, she made use of the before-mentioned artifice to escape me.

I suffered her to go to her own apartment, which I bound myself by a most solemn oath not to attempt entering that night; after which I went to bed myself, rather, I must own, repenting that I had receded from my purpose, lest any accident should happen; and with great difficulty was it I restrained the eager desire I had of paying the dear girl an unexpected visit, when in a situation not so able to resist me, as she had been in the parlour.

Oh, Jack, I wish I had taken thy advice, and not let her know of my designs till she was retired to her chamber; then I might possibly have surprised her almost sleeping virtue, and been happy. But in the parlour, she was so softened, I so full of passionate desire, and the occasion so inviting, I could not help precipitating my designs, though I now condemn myself for being hasty.

I ever look upon any promises I make as sacred, and therefore stirred not out of my own apartment. If I had--- Oh, how I wish I had for once broke my promise! What a world of trouble I might then have saved myself! I might now have been happy with my charming girl, and not the miserable wretch which I at present am.

Next morning, when I got up, I sent the maid of the house to call the lady, when soon back came the wench in a great hurry, saying, Lord, Sir! I can't think where the lady is; I can't open the door, nor make her answer; she must be gone---Gone! d---n you, where can she be gone? said I. Indeed, indeed, Sir, answered the frightened girl, I really don't know, I have called, and she don't answer.

I ran to the apartment, bounced at the door, and cried, 'Come, my dear cousin, pray get up--- don't lie in bed all day.' No answer--- 'I'll break open the door, if you don't speak.' No answer

swer --- ‘ I am frightened, cousin---I am
 ‘ afraid you are ill---pray speak to me.’

All silence---not the least noise ; upon
 which I said to the girl who had followed
 me, ‘ I can’t think what can be the
 ‘ matter ; my poor cousin may be dead ;
 ‘ I’ll break open the door---Here, Jacob,
 ‘ come and help me.’

Jacob obeyed my call, and setting our
 knees against the door, it soon burst. In
 I went---looked at the bed---no Miss
 Randall there, nor any signs of her ha-
 ving been in bed. Good God ! how I
 was struck ! No Letitia to be found, but
 one of the sashes up, and a paper upon
 the table directed for me.

It was written in the cover of a letter
 with a pencil, and this the confounded
 purport.

“ The promise I made you of signing
 “ your wicked articles, at the time I
 “ made it, I had no intention of keep-
 “ ing ; it was only a pretence to get out
 “ of your power. For know, I detest
 “ both you and your vile offers, and
 “ should

“ should despise, nay, abhor myself, if I
“ ever could, even in thought, have ac-
“ cepted them. Be assured, I never will,
“ therefore don’t trouble me any more ;
“ nor in the house of Mr Chambers, or
“ elsewhere, seek, after this moment, to
“ disturb the repose of

LETITIA RANDALL.”

P. S. “ When you read this, I hope I
“ shall be out of your reach, for I am
“ certain my cousins won’t let you see
“ me, should you attempt it by going
“ to their house.”

No wretch in Bedlam ever raved more than I did on reading this cursed letter, which totally deprived me of all hope that she was not escaped. I made enquiry about it of all the people in the house ; they all declared they knew nothing of the matter, and spoke in such an artless kind of way, as induced me to believe them.

The story I told, was this, That the lady was a first cousin of mine, who
would

would have thrown herself away upon a young Ensign, if we had not timely prevented it. This we thought we had done, and, in order to divert her, she was permitted to make this little excursion with me. And do you really, Madam, said I to the landlady, know nothing of her escape? Has she not, by some false story, won upon you to assist her? The woman declared her innocence; she believed my story, and said, she was sorry Miss had been so indiscreet.

She must have got out at the window, Jack, for the door was fast locked on the inside, so there was no other way for her to escape. Yet I was rather staggered about it, so far was the window from the ground. I hereupon suspected my dog of a servant must have played me false, and without staying to hear what he had to say in defence of the charge, rated at and cursed him so heartily, and in short, committed so many extravagancies, that the good landlady told me she feared I should go mad; and, Sir, added she, ‘ I fancy, by your distraction,

‘tion, the lady had more of your love
 ‘than is commonly bestowed upon a
 ‘cousin. I fancy you are rival to the
 ‘Ensign, and then to be sure one can’t
 ‘wonder you are so much disturbed at
 ‘the thoughts of her getting to him.’

Yes, Madam, you are in the right of it, I do love her. Yet, a little devil, to leave me in this manner—I would try against it—Vain is the trial though, for—

Perdition catch my soul, but I do love her.

Indeed, Sir, I pity you, said the woman. Can’t you think which way she is gone?

I fancy to London, Madam, answered I—Jacob, order out my chariot, I’ll go instantly to London.

I did so, post haste, and arrived just about noon, when, notwithstanding the prohibition in the letter, I went directly to Chambers’s, and without in the least regarding the confounded gabbling that was made by the man in the shop, or his endeavours to hinder me, pushed by him,

him, mounted the stairs, and throwing open, without the least ceremony, the dining-room door, entered it. No creature was there, so I turned back, and bouncing open the door of the opposite room, which I knew to be Miss Randall's apartment, went in, saying to myself, Here, fly devil, I fancy I shall find you. But no such good luck attended my search, although I looked into both the closets---No Miss Randall to be found.

By this time Chambers had followed me, and putting on a mighty fierce air, Sir, said he, I shan't suffer such doings in my house. The bed-chambers of women ought to be sacred. I insist upon it that you walk down, and answer me a few questions.

No, honest friend, I shall first walk up, I can't stay to answer thy questions ---Nay, do not be impertinent, I will not be restrained. I got past him, and ascending another pair of stairs, threw open the door of the first room I came to. Here sat Mrs Chambers dressing her head, but she no sooner discovered me, than

than rising with great fury, down went the table before her, and at the same time, glass, bottle, basin, and all the apparatus of the toilet were strewed upon the ground.

She ran to me, and catching me fast by the sleeve, cried, Wretch, where is my cousin Letitia? Oh, thou vile, vile man! where have you left the ruined girl?

She is not ruined, Madam, answered I—Miss is apt to be soon frightened, and when there is no occasion. I want to talk to her about it—Shew me where she is, or I'll search for her. Pray did you, on hearing me, shut her up in either of your closets? I will look, indeed I will; which I did, Jack, but all to no purpose; for, as Lovelace says, “No *Miss Randall*, by Jupiter.”

I now went into the next room—no better off there. I saw a great chest stand, which I endeavoured to open, but could not. Your key, Mrs Chambers, said I, indeed I must peep into this. But indeed you shan't, Sir, replied she—
what

what can you possibly mean by such behaviour, to trifle with our sufferings?

I can't stay to answer questions, Mrs Chambers, I'll take the key out of your pocket if you won't give it me: Or here, putting aside her apron, yes, yes, you are a notable housewife; you carry your keys by your side. By your leave—nay, don't struggle, I will have it; let me see which is the key—Come, save me trouble—pray tell me. She would not, so I tried some. The second opened the chest; it was a vast large one, and when I lifted up the lid, how my heart danced. I thought I had found my dear girl, but it was only one of her gowns---a gown I well knew to be hers, which I eagerly caught up, instead of the dear girl herself; and, oh, fool that I was, to imagine she could be locked up in a chest! This vile love makes ideots of us all.

Well, I now quitted that room, and marched into another, Mrs Chambers following me, venting against me the most bitter invectives, which I did not listen to, or regard any more than those

of her husband. And, having peeped into a closet, and all about that apartment to no sort of purpose, was going to mount another pair of stairs, when the woman, no longer able to bear with me, laid hold of my arm, saying, In the name of wonder, Sir William Harrington, what do you mean? Why do you hunt about in this strange manner? Is it in order to deceive us, and make us think you don't know where my cousin is, that you act so extravagantly? But for God's sake don't trifle thus with our misfortunes! Pray tell me where she is to be found. You said just now, if I understood you right, that she was not ruined. Oh, Sir! restore her then to us---You don't know what we have suffered since she went away.

But I suppose, Madam, you are well enough pleased she is come back, are you not? replied I. For, look'ee, I am not to be imposed upon. I am certain when Miss Randall made her escape from me, she came directly back to you, and therefore your tricks won't pass. I am de-

termined

terminated to search all over the house till I find her.

How, Sir! escaped from you? cried Mrs Chambers. Heaven grant it may be true, for into worse hands she cannot fall than yours.

Very genteel, Mrs Chambers, by my soul, answered I; I thank you for your good opinion, but it will not divert my purpose, I can tell you: Therefore tell me, tell me truly, and tell me instantly, where Miss Randall is to be found? In what part of the house, whether in the garret or cellar, for I think I have searched all the rest.

Lord, Sir, answered she, I can tell you nothing about her---

How, Madam! Come, don't trifle with me, I won't bear it---I am confident she is somewhere in your protection.

I wish with all my soul she was, said she.

This won't do, Mrs Chambers---as I told you before, I won't be trifled with, so pray discover where she is concealed,

or by my soul it shall be the worse for you.

Heaven is my witness, answered she, I cannot tell you. I have not, as at my latest hour I hope for mercy, seen my cousin since she went away with you.

Very well, Mrs Chambers, very well ; but have not you *heard* from her ? Has she sent you no letter, informing you of the place of her concealment ?

No, Sir, not a single line---You may believe me, for as I hope for salvation, I don't know where she is.

Mighty odd this, thought I---These people, I should think, would not dare impose upon me ; and yet, if she is not got into their protection, where can she be ?

Don't you really, Sir William, asked the woman, know where my cousin is ? Has she really made her escape from you ? Ah, Sir ! what vile behaviour you must have used to her, to make her fly from you thus ! I can hardly credit what you say. Don't you — Oh, Sir, pray don't

don't impose upon me—Tell me, don't you really know where my cousin is?

No matter for that, Madam—You say you don't. Dare you swear to it? Dare you, Mr Chambers?

Too certainly we can, very readily answered both; and, said the woman, it is cruel, very cruel in you, Sir, thus to sport with our misfortunes—why will you ruin and keep from us the poor girl? Why distress persons who never injured you? Nay, for that matter, Sir, your own family are not much easier than we are; for just before you came, Miss Harrington was here, and upon my telling her Letitia had stayed out all night with you, went away, poor lady, like a distracted creature; but, Sir, she will talk to you, your sister will not fear to speak her sentiments upon this black transaction.

But, Jack, I don't intend she shall, for I won't go near her. I'll keep out of ear-shot from her tongue, I am determined, not being in humour at present to

hear her exercise her talent of wit upon my faults, a subject she is mighty fond of.

She, I suppose, will write to the wise Lady C. and then I shall have a letter come from that very prudent sister, full of invectives. A plague take it, what a confounded situation I am in! If in possession of my girl, sisters might rail, might write, I should not mind them; but as it is, what shall I do, Jack? Oh, that I could once more get Letitia into my power, and then, if I part with her before I have a tie upon her which must secure her mine, may I—but how impotently do I threaten.

I digress from my narrative. I left Chambers's, not being able to get that intelligence I wanted, nor would I satisfy them in any of their questions; so that if they really don't know where their cousin is, they are quite in the dark as to whether or not she is in my custody.

From the Strand I went to the coffee-house, in hopes of meeting with thee, but was told by Bob Loyd and Tom Craven, whom I found there, that thou wast gone
to

to Epsom, to spend a week. Pray, Jack, alter the intention you set out with, and return with the man who brings you this letter, in the morning, for I shall send it very early. I shall without fail expect you, and then we will consult about the best methods we can pursue, in order to retake my dear fugitive: For unless I do retake her, By Heaven I shall run mad! I did not think the little witch had taken so strong an hold of me till I lost her; therefore have her again, if it be possible, at all events I am determined.

I did not tell Tom or Bob the truth of the affair: But, on their asking me the reason of that evident concern they observed in me, reply'd, that the preceding night I had been very near accomplishing my wishes with a fine woman, but had met with a cursed disappointment when I little expected it.

Well, says Tom, but have you no hopes of another opportunity which may prove more favourable?

Yes, reply'd I, I don't absolutely despair of that.

Then

Then dine with us at the King's-arms, said Bob, where, in lively chat and full bumpers, you may drown your care.

Away we went, and I endeavour'd to be as chearful as my curfed loss would let me, while my two friends, who, from the flight knowledge they had of my attachment to Letitia, were rather suspicious of the case, swore she must be the woman, though I would not own it; yet they heartily, and I dare say sincerely, drank to my success, offering me all the assistance in their power. We parted at seven, and I then went to Grosvenor-square, when, to my great mortification, even at that awkward hour for a man to be at home, I found Charles there.

He began asking me some damn'd impertinent questions, having been tutor'd, I make no doubt, by Julia: But I bid him hold his tongue, I would not talk with him, saying, I had a letter to write to you, and an engagement for the evening at ten (I am at that hour to meet Tom and Bob) and so left him to think just what he pleased, and report what he pleased

pleased to his empress, to whom I suppose he went; for Jacob tells me, at nine, when a man who had been with him about some business left him, he also sallied forth to spend the evening.

And now I think I'll do so too. I have wrote a vast deal in two hours, and quite needless is such a scroll, as I hope for certain to see thee, Jack, to-morrow about noon.

But I really did not know what to do with myself: I could not fully open my heart to Tom and Bob; for which reason, their company began to grow tiresome, and I thought I should in a manner rather less miserable, spend a couple of hours in my own apartment, when I might make my pen speak all that was in my distracted heart; and by spreading my complaints upon paper in some degree lighten them. I have therefore sent you a full and particular account of the present, most deplorable, most miserable, most distracting state of thy most wretched friend,

WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

Miss JULIA HARRINGTON to Lady C.

New Bond-street, March 31.

LORD S. having informed me of my brother's being returned, I was no sooner up this morning, than I ordered my chair to Grosvenor-square in order to pay him a visit. I did not ask for his own vile instrument of wickedness *Jacob*; but his Lordship's Andrew, whom I desired to inform Sir William, that a *gentleman* wanted to speak with him. I then went into the parlour, where I found Lord S. but we had not been long together when my brother entered.

On seeing me, he started back---Is it you, Madam? and would have immediately retired; but I ran to him, and caught hold of his arm, giving him a push to get by; when, gaining the door, the key of which being on the inside, I
locked

locked it, and putting the key in my pocket, Now, Sir, said I, you are my prisoner.

Lord S. laughed, which provoked Sir William. Look you, Charles, cryed he, no joking; I won't bear it, I can tell you. And pray, Miss Harrington, what may you mean by such an extraordinary piece of behaviour?

To inform myself, Sir William, of a very extraordinary step which you have taken. I shall allow of no trifling, brother. I insist upon it, that you tell me, where, and in what kind of situation, you have left Miss Randall?

He was in great wrath at my questioning him so very closely, insomuch, that he entirely forgot all good manners, and even decency, replying——

Suppose, Madam, I have made a mistress of her, what is that to you?

Oh fye, Sir William, answered I. But your words are of a piece with your actions. I ought not indeed to expect better from a man who could be base enough to commit such an outrage as you have done

done---You must be divested of all *honour*, and of consequence are above *shame*.

A very fine opinion you seem to have of me, Miss Harrington---You really give your tongue great liberties, Madam --- do you think I will bear it? Do you think I will suffer such abominable impertinence from a sister? can you hope, Miss Julia, if you go on, that I will forgive such a pert behaviour?

Forgive! replied I---Vile man, I despise thee. I care not how you take my treatment, unless what I shall say will properly affect you, and bring you to have some remorse for the villanous action you have committed; which, if it is does, you will then be as ready to forgive me as I can desire. Nay, you will thank me for having brought you to see your wickedness in a proper light, and given you cause to repent of your crime.

Pragmatical fool, be quiet, said he--- Give me the key---I will not stay to hear thee prate---Give me the key, Miss Julia.

No,

No, Sir William; not till you have told me where you have left Miss Randall, shall you stir.

I have left her no where, Madam—Let that satisfy you.

Oh, brother, answered I, what an untruth you utter!

'Tis a fact, by Heaven, Madam—And more, I have not seen her since the night before last.

Where was she the night before last? said I.

In her bed, I suppose; where should she be? You are mighty inquisitive, I think, Miss Harrington.

Oh, Sir William! and who shared that bed with her? said I.

The vile wretch, upon this question, with a wicked smile, turned to Lord S.—Charles, are you not amazed? Did you ever hear the like? Does not a woman (come, I'll be judged by you) absolutely descend from the rules of decency, when she asks a man questions relative to a lady's bed? If she can do this, who

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knows

knows how far she will proceed with her inquiries?

Vain trifler, said I, such poor airy flights as these will not divert my design—Tell me, I insist upon it, and tell me truly, have you succeeded in your scheme with Miss Randall?

I carried her off in my chariot the day before yesterday, Madam—In that particular Mrs Chambers, with whom I find you have been talking, could rightly inform you.

And pray what followed, brother?

There, Charles, there, said he—See how curious the lady is. Perhaps, Miss, it may not be decent for me to tell you. And then the impudent creature laughed in my face, thinking, as I suppose, by such a matchless piece of confidence, to discompose me.

But I was determined not to be discomposed, so went on—Tell me, I once more insist upon it, have you ruined the poor girl?

What do you call ruin? answered he.
---Ruin is a copious word, Miss; pray
in

in what sense would you have me understand you?

You are mighty dull of apprehension, Sir William. 'Tis said, and truly said, *That none are so dull as those who will not understand.* But you shall not come off so, I am determined; since you will force me to it, to speak plain, I'll now ask you a question you can't evade.

Have you yet triumphed over her chastity? And, Sir, till you have given me a true answer to this, I vow you shall not quit the room.

He was in a violent commotion upon this, but would not speak. He walked about, his face all red with passion. I let him alone---Indeed his looks were so fierce, they rather frightened me. At length he took out his handkerchief, and with it pulled out a paper which dropped upon the carpet. I did not observe the little accident, but Lord S. did. And when my brother was standing with his back towards us, looking out of a window, took the paper up, which, after he had cast his eyes over, (unnoticed by Sir

William or myself, who were both too deeply engaged by our own concerns to mind him) he came to me and whispered, "My dear Miss Harrington, you may let your prisoner go, for I have found a paper which will give you a more satisfactory account of your friend, than I fancy you will gain from his lips, detain him ever so long."

I had no time for asking his Lordship any particulars, my brother at the instant turning that way; but still he spoke not, traversing the room in a kind of passionate silence. At last---Well, Sir William, said I, will you please to give an answer to my question?

No, Madam, I will not. And more, if you ever expect me to forgive your impertinence, or regard you with the affection of a brother, give me the key, or else open the door yourself. Nay, I won't be trifled with any longer.---Give me the key, I say, or I'll take it out of your pocket,

He laid fast hold of my arm---Help me, help me, Lord S, cried I.

If

If thou dost, Charles, said my brother—and seemed going on in a threatening tone, which I feared Lord S.'s temper, in spite of his love for me, would not bear; I therefore suffered him to take the key without farther struggle, beside that, I was impatient for the paper Lord S. had told me of.

He gave it me instantly upon my brother's departure, but having been wrote with a pencil, it was rubbed in some places so as to be scarcely, indeed not at all, legible. It appeared, however, pretty plainly, to be Letitia's hand, and I made out so much of the contents as to satisfy me, that she had escaped innocent out of Sir William's hands; for I read these words pretty distinctly, "I detest both you and your vile offers." Then, as the beginning had been, there was two lines defaced, after which I found, "Should abhor myself, could I, even in thought, have accepted them." More lines rubbed out, indeed all the rest till I came to—"Letitia Randall." Her signing her name remained tolerable fair,

as did also a postscript, all but a few words at the beginning of it. "I shall
" be for ever out of your power, for I
" am certain my cousins won't let you
" see me, should you attempt it by go-
" ing to their house."

I hope, Lord S. said I, when I had read this fragment of a letter, the poor girl is safe, at least, from my brother's attempts. That I think we may conclude from this billet. I'll go directly to Chambers, and see if the dear girl is come back.

No, Madam, pray don't, replied his Lordship, Sir William most likely is gone thither; indeed I don't care you and he should meet again this morning—I can't tell what may be the consequences.

Nor do I care, Lord S.—I'll go, that is positive.

Then dear Miss Harrington, permit me, answered he—nay you shall give me leave to attend you.

No, my Lord, indeed I won't; you shall not run so great an hazard of danger. My brother's anger can be of no
very

very bad consequence to me, but might involve you in a dispute, which would be fatal to us all; (tender enough was not it my dear? but it did not occur to me as such, till Lord S. eagerly kissing my hand, and casting on me such a delightful look of rapturous gratitude, as quickly awakened me to the force of what I had said, he was however too delicate to give his transport words) so I hurried on, saying, I'll go therefore, and go by myself, but shall be glad of your company in the evening at my aunt's, when I'll tell you all I can learn.

I then directly posted away to the Strand, and the first thing I asked when arrived there, was, if my brother was in the house; for really, my courage rather sunk at the thoughts of meeting him. No, was the answer Mr Chambers gave me, which helped me to some spirit, and I next enquired if Miss Randall was come back? No, again. I did not like that No, so well as the first.

Well, but, Mr Chambers, have you not heard of her? said I. Not the least tidings,

tidings, Madam. This sadly startled me, and I began to suspect, that the dropping of the paper, was one of my brother's tricks, in order to get away from me, and that the girl was still in his power.

Where is Mrs Chambers, Sir, said I? I want to see her. Above, Madam; she is in such distress, she can't attend the shop. Will you please to go to her?

Yes, Sir, I want much to talk with her; so up I went, and, entering the room, said, No news of your cousin yet, I find, Mrs Chambers?

None, Miss Harrington, none, answered she, that can be with any certainty depended upon; though I am really in some hopes that she is out of Sir William's power.

Aye, Madam, said I, upon what foundation do you build such hopes?

Your brother, Miss, replied she, was here yesterday, just after you went away, and acted for all the world like a madman. He hunted all about the house, in every room, and in every part of the
rooms,

rooms, to look, as he said, for my cousin: And he would not, till he had done so, believe my husband and me, when we told him she was not in the house. He would see that, he said; and when he had seen, then he would have it, that we concealed her some where, for he was sure she was come back to us. I then asked him, if she was really got from him, but he would give me no direct answer; and having done abundance of strange actions, he went away in a most sad ill temper, which makes me think she has some way or other got away from him. But then where she can be I can't imagine, since we hear nothing of her. Poor creature! if she has escaped this danger, God knows what new one she may have got into. For my part, I am almost distracted about her.

I gave Mrs Chambers the paper my brother had dropt: Can you be certain, Madam, said I, that it is Letitia's hand?

Oh, yes, I can indeed, Miss Harrington, answered she. Dear, dear Madam, how came you by it?

-It

It fell by chance out of his pocket just before I came hither. But how my brother came by it, I am at a great loss to think, or where the girl was when she sent it him. Dear Mrs Chambers, what can we do?

God knows, replied she — It is a strange affair.

Yes, Lady C. and so it is; I never was in such an uneasy state of mind before: Such a dreadful uncertainty! I am sure I know not how to act, or what will be the best.

One step, however, I have taken, which I hope will discover certainly, whether Miss Randall is or not in my brother's power; and to be absolutely certain she is not, will give me great satisfaction, although I still remain at a loss as to the place she is in.

I have hired a man to watch all Sir William's movements, and to give me, from time to time, an exact account of them. This I think was a good thought of mine, for it will, without all doubt, inform me if he sees her. This the
man

man will be able to tell me, since I charge him to describe to me in a very particular manner, the persons of all those he sees converse with Sir William, and all the houses he goes to.

My spy entered upon his office this morning, when I took him with me to Grosvenor-square, and ordered him not to lose sight of my brother any more, after his going out from thence, till he was housed for the night; after which, he might go to rest himself, but be sure to be with me at seven in the morning, to make a report of what he could learn; that before Sir William rose, he might be ready to take to his post again, at his first going out.

Poor aunt Montague is quite ill with fretting. Oh! she will often cry, that my William, my darling nephew, should be so base! This is a stroke indeed! and then she will continue, bursting into tears, Poor Mr Randall! good man! when he hears the shocking tidings, how will he be affected! Julia, dear girl! what shall we do with regard to him?
ought

ought we, or ought we not, to write to him and Miss Charlotte about it?

I am as much perplexed as my aunt. I really can't tell what to do in this affair, for, Oh sister! how can I write such news of a daughter to a tender father? and yet, not to let him know it, is that right? Lord S. has advised me to wait a little before I tell Mr Randall any thing of the matter: For, he says, as we are every day in hopes of hearing of the lady, it would be cruel to wound her father's heart with ill news, when it is possible, if we stay a little, while we may be able to inform him of his daughter's safety.

Pray God Almighty send I may. I love the poor girl; yes, Lady C. with a *sisterly affection* I love her; and could wish my brother would have given her a real title to such love from me, instead of doing—Heaven only can tell what—but I hope she got from him innocent. In her letter, she says, she rejects his offers.

Jenny

Jenny tells me Lord S. is come, so I'll leave off for the present, and finish my letter, after having seen my spy to-morrow.



April 1.

Well, sister, where Letitia can be is the most mysterious thing I ever met with; for I don't think my brother knows. This I am sure of, that he did not see her yesterday, and he lay at home as usual.

And now for the account just now brought me by my spy David Gardiner: He says,

' That yesterday morning, Sir William, ' on his quitting the house in Grosvenor-square, went directly to a coffee-house, ' where, upon his first entering, he was ' joined by two very gay-looking gentlemen, with whom he sat and chatted ' for above an hour. (David being dressed ' tolerably genteel, ventur'd into the coffee-room, and getting pretty near them, ' while he pretended to read a newspaper heard their discourse). Sir William

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' seemed

‘ seemed vastly disturbed that some one
‘ whom he called *Jack* did not come
‘ from Epsom ; he swore he might have
‘ been in town before that time of day,
‘ for, as his servant rode to him in the
‘ night, he might have set out early in
‘ the morning. At last a gentleman in
‘ a riding dress, with his boots on, came
‘ in ; Sir William expressed great pleasure
‘ at seeing him ; he called him Jack—
‘ (Renhelds this, to be sure, Lady C.)
‘ and soon went out with him, leaving
‘ the other two behind, but with a pro-
‘ mise of dining with them at the King’s-
‘ arms at three o’clock. Sir William and
‘ his friend went into the Park, where
‘ they walked for some time arm in arm,
‘ in very deep discourse, but so low, that
‘ David could make but little of it out,
‘ though he kept as near to them as he
‘ dared, without running the hazard of
‘ being taken notice of. Thus much,
‘ however he at last gained, That Sir
‘ William was very uneasy because he
‘ could not find out where some lady
‘ concealed herself ; and at length it was
‘ agreed

‘ agreed upon, to set two men to watch
 ‘ some house in the Strand, to see who
 ‘ came out, and who went in : One man
 ‘ always to keep the door in view, while
 ‘ the other was to follow such people as
 ‘ came out of it, and give an account to
 ‘ some other man where they went to.’

This, my dear sister, I think, looks as if my brother did not know where the girl was. He most certainly has lost her.

‘ From the Park (to go on with David’s account) they went to the King’s-arms tavern, where, being met by the other two gentlemen, they all dined together. David also got his dinner at the same place, and (he really, sister, is quite a clever fellow for my purpose) told the people of the house he waited there in expectation of meeting a person, which made his watching Sir William, not at all regarded.

‘ The gentlemen did not move till dusk, and then went to the same coffee-house they had been at in the morning, where a man, who seemed to belong to Sir William, was waiting.

‘ This man, said he, had been with the
‘ fellows in the Strand, but they had
‘ gained no sort of knowledge concern-
‘ ing something, but David could not
‘ hear what ; at which Sir William was
‘ much disturbed, and swore bitterly.

‘ He spent his evening at the same
‘ place he dined, and with the same com-
‘ pany, and about twelve went to Gros-
‘ venor-square, where he lay ; for David,
‘ according to my order, watched the
‘ door till one, to see whether he went
‘ out again or not.’

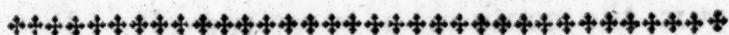
This, my dear sister, is all I could gain concerning yesterday’s proceedings, and, what would make me easy, if I was as certain the girl is safe, as I think I may conclude by it, she is not in Sir William’s custody.

I will send away this letter directly, but it shall be followed by another very soon, giving you all the information in the power of

Your

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER



LETTER LXX.

Miss HARRINGTON in Continuation.

New Bond-street, April 2.

AFTER finishing my letter yesterday morning, I went to the Strand, to learn, if possible, at Chambers's, some account of Letitia, but they had no tidings of her yet. Well, I do wonder where she is. Poor creature, what dreadful distress she may be in! But any where better than in my brother's keeping—He is very little at home, and avoids all discourse with Lord S. so they'll quarrel, I suppose, soon—Fine doings! Oh, Lady C. a week ago, what an happy family was ours? Now, how distressed! These vile rakes, what infinite trouble do they occasion, in the pursuit of what they call *pleasure*! How do they torment their innocent families, who suffer for their crimes!

T 3

My

My yesterday's jaunt to Chambers's was the cause of a great tumult. But you shall have the account of it as it comes in its due place from the lips of my spy. This is the purport of his yesterday's information.

‘ Sir William’s first excursion was to
‘ an house in Surrey-street, about nine in
‘ the morning. Here he stayed above
‘ two hours; mean while, David found
‘ out that one Mr Renholds lodged at
‘ the house, and when Sir William
‘ came out, was told, that the gentleman
‘ with him, whom he called Jack, was
‘ Mr Renholds. (You see, I was right,
‘ sister.) They went together to a kind
‘ of milliner’s shop, which David follow-
‘ ed them into, and looked at some rib-
‘ bon to pass away his time, and hinder
‘ them from minding him. In came a
‘ man in a great hurry to them, the
‘ same footman who had been with Sir
‘ William the day before—Jacob he call-
‘ ed him, and told his master, the lady
‘ had been at Chambers’s, stayed there
‘ about half an hour, and then went in a
‘ chair

‘ chair to a house which Robin had followed her to, and could shew him.

‘ Where is Robin ? said Sir William.
 ‘ He waits your commands at the door,
 ‘ Sir, answered Jacob---Upon which, with
 ‘ Mr Renholds, away he went, following Robin to your Ladyship’s house,
 ‘ Madam, said David---Here, Sir, this is
 ‘ the place where the lady went in, cried
 ‘ the fellow.

‘ The devil ! said Sir William---my
 ‘ d---n’d sister to be sure, Jack ; and away they went again, he still swearing
 ‘ sadly, after having ordered Robin to
 ‘ take his former post.

‘ They returned to Surrey-street, and
 ‘ there spent all the remaining part of the
 ‘ day, not going out any more ; but Jacob was sent out a vast many times to
 ‘ the Strand, David said he supposed, but
 ‘ what news he brought it was impossible
 ‘ for him to learn, not being able to get
 ‘ into Mr Renholds’s lodgings (indeed no
 ‘ pretence could well be formed for that)
 ‘ so was forced to be content with watching the door. Sir William went home
 ‘ about

‘ about eleven, David stayed at the house
 ‘ till twelve, and he not going out a-
 ‘ gain in that time, left his post for the
 ‘ night.’

Now, Lady C. notwithstanding all the trouble and perplexity I labour under, I cannot help being diverted at the hurry of spirits my brother must be in, when he heard, as he imagined, that *his lady* had been at Chambers’s. Oh, what a cruel disappointment though, when he found it was only his *sister!* as a vile wretch, he called me (with an oath.)

Well, I think my spy performs notably, yet I almost am afraid he ventures too far. I wonder my brother don’t take notice of him. But his thoughts are so much taken up, as not to suffer him to attend to trifles; and I have used all possible precautions, ordering the fellow to change his cloaths twice a-day in Monmouth-street attire, which I have got him for the purpose, that he may by that means appear the less remarkable.

I go out no where but backwards and forwards to and from the Strand; nor
 ‘ can

can either Mrs Montague or myself see any company at home but Lord S. who almost lives with us, and is to us both a very great comfort. Indeed he is now upon such a kind of footing with me, that I never can possibly assume my airs again. This, Lady C. I am sure you'll be glad to hear.



April 3.

I have just been at the Strand, but no news there of the poor girl. Indeed I begin to be more and more concerned and apprehensive about her.

David's account still assures me my brother does not see her. His yesterday's excursions were in the old round---The coffee-house---- King's-arms---- Renhold's lodgings, and the Park, going home at twelve at night.

My dear sister, from all this, what conclusion is it possible for us to draw? Was there ever any case before, the circumstances

cumstances of which were more distressful or more mysterious?

Here comes Jenny with a letter for me. 'Tis from Cordelia---I see the well known hand. Poor girl! how would her soft tender breast be agitated, if she knew of all this mischief! Now her ignorance is her happiness; she, I suppose, at present, is calm and chearful, having no other reason. I'll read her letter over, and hope, for the time at least that I am reading it, my cares will be thereby diverted.



Rejoice, my dear Lady C. rejoice! Letitia is safe! She is safe, and quite innocent, at Bath, in my aunt Crawford's house. Was there ever such a happy turn of fortune? my joy overcomes me ---I must lay down my pen.---I'll go to poor aunt Montague, and let her know the charming, charming news!



Ten at night.

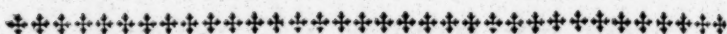
Surely my troubles will never have an end! Mrs Montague is gone to bed quite ill. The sudden change was more than her spirits, before so greatly weakened by fretting, could support: But she rests pretty well, so I hope will be better to-morrow.

Her indisposition prevented me writing any more this afternoon; but as I am resolved to ease your heart concerning Miss Randall, I will not stay to add much more at present, but send this away to the post-office, together with Cordelia's letter inclosed, which, when you have read, I am sure you will rejoice with

Your happy

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER



L E T T E R LXXI.

Miss CORDELIA to Miss HARRINGTON.

Bath, March 31.

LORD, my dear Julia, what a surprise I have met with! But before I say any more about that, let me ease you of the trouble which I am sure must oppress you for Miss Randall's absence. Know, she is safe, and in my aunt Crawford's protection; and now I will tell you all in proper order just as it happened.

Last night, between ten and eleven, when my aunt and I were just going up to bed, we heard a great rapping at the door, and a letter was brought me by our man; who said a person waited for an answer. I was not a little hurried at the accident; but when I opened the letter,

letter, what then was my surprise! I found the contents to be as follows.

“ To Miss CORDELIA HARRINGTON.”

“ I am ashamed, dear young lady, after
 “ the great indiscretion I have been guilty of, to sue for protection. But unless you vouchsafe it me, I am quite
 “ undone. I have just made my escape
 “ from a man who would have ruined
 “ me. I will not disguise the truth. The
 “ man, Miss Harrington, your brother:
 “ But pray believe me, (for indeed you
 “ may) I am innocent; and though he
 “ imposed upon me so far, as by a false
 “ pretence to carry me off, he did not
 “ succeed in his vile attempt upon my
 “ honour. I still am virtuous, indeed I
 “ am; therefore, dear Madam, for pity’s
 “ sake, now exert all that generosity of
 “ soul you have ever been remarkable
 “ for, and save from falling into endless
 “ ruin.”

“ Your almost distracted

“ LETITIA RANDALL.”

“ P. S. I beg a line by the bearer.”

I gave my aunt the letter as soon as I had read it, and when she had looked it over, Dear Madam, said I, what am I to do?

Send the poor lady an invitation to our house directly, answered the good Mrs Crawford: It is most certainly the duty of every woman to succour virtue in distress. Miss Randall has doubtless been imprudent, or else my wicked nephew could never have carried her off, as she owns he did. But I never condemn a person unheard; I suppose he had gained her affections strongly before this attempt, and if that is the case, her virtue must appear in a very high light to be able to withstand him. But let us not waste time; since, Cordelia, she puts herself under our care, we ought to protect her. Send her word therefore that we will.

I called for a pen, and wrote as follows:

“ Delay not, my dear Letitia, one
“ moment coming to the house of your
“ true friend; such is my good aunt,
“ who determines to protect you; come
“ therefore

“therefore instantly into her protection,
 “and receive all the comfort in the power
 “of

“Your affectionate,

“C. HARRINGTON.”

In less than half an hour she came back with our servant, whom we sent to attend her. Poor, dear girl! such a figure! her negligee, the morning of the day she set out from London, had been white sprigg'd muslin, but was now so soiled, and hung in such a manner, together with her gauze ruffles, as made her, indeed, a strange figure. Every part of her dress was quite deplorable.

When she entered the room where my aunt and I were sitting, the sight of us greatly fluttered her; I therefore caught the trembling weeping girl in my arms, and supporting her to a chair, Be comforted---my dear Letitia, said I, laying my cheek close to hers. Mrs Crawford too saluted and embraced her, saying, Dear Miss Randall, don't disorder yourself; be assured you are now in a place

of safety; I will protect you from all kind of wrongs whatever. My niece Cordelia has often talked of you, Miss; I respect you much by character, and should be glad to do you service.

Oh, Madam! Oh, Miss Harrington! answered Letitia (at the same time taking a hand of each, as we stood by her, and pressing them first to her lips, next to her bosom) such goodness! so unmerited on my part! how shall I ever---Indeed I never can!---and then falling forwards, she sunk against me, sobbing and weeping bitterly.

Sweet girl! her noble heart was almost burst with her gratitude; her thoughts of returning thanks flowed so fast, her tongue could not utter them.

We feared she would faint; so called my Peggy, who, giving her a glass of Mountain wine, she was after it in a rather less palpitation of heart than before.

We did not ask her any questions then; only one, my aunt did, which was, if she should not be glad to go to bed. I was not in bed last night, Madam,

dam, answered she. I---I---Oh, God!---
I then——

Was, I make no doubt, in great distress, Miss, replied my aunt. But don't attempt giving us any account of it at present: I am sure you have not a share of spirits by any means adequate to the task, defer it therefore till to-morrow. Can you eat any thing? have you taken any refreshment to-day?

Very little indeed, Madam, answered she; only some bits of bread, and two or three glasses of wine. I don't care for any thing to-night---My poor breast!---
Yes, ladies, putting her hand upon her heart---I am too full of grief to eat!

But you shall drink some white wine whey when you are in bed, said I; you may have taken cold, and that will be very good for you. Peggy, for she was in the room, order Sarah to make some whey directly, and bid Catherine warm my bed: Miss Randall and I will sleep together to-night.

We did so; but, poor girl, she rested very badly. I did not speak to her,

though I slept very little myself; and, next morning, finding her far from well, begged she would not rise when I did; which request she complied with, and did not quit her chamber till our time of drinking tea in the afternoon.

I wrote all the foregoing part of this letter, till you come to the last paragraph, in the morning, but would not close it till the poor girl had given me some little account of herself, which, about an hour ago, she did.

During the time of tea, and after it, when the servant was gone, she sat very silent; so Mrs Crawford began a discourse to me, about the miserable state Sir James Stanhope was in, and going on from that to talk of the Colonel, and bestowing some praises upon him for his genteel behaviour to me when at Bath.

Ah! cried Letitia, I dare say Miss Harrington behaved to the gentleman in a manner wholly unexceptionable; she never, like me, gave occasion for rudeness to be offered. Dear ladies! I have indeed been very faulty, very indiscreet
---but

—but I am innocent—I really still am innocent. I loved my virtue better than Sir William.

A vile wretch! said Mrs Crawford, I cannot hear his name with patience; I shall never own him for my relation any more.

Oh, Madam! replied Miss Randall, don't be too hasty; I am very much to blame as well as he, as you will think, when you come to hear the merits of the cause. I should have repulsed him, whenever he attempted taking undue freedoms with me, and then he would not have dared doing what he since has done; but my folly gave him great encouragement, and led him on to make that shocking attempt upon my honour, which, I thank God, I have escaped. From the very beginning I have been to blame; fool that I was! to imagine Sir William Harrington would ever marry me, knowing, as I did, how much all his family were against the match. He told me this from the very first; for to do

do him justice, in that point he did not deceive me.

I can't tell, my dear, said I, what may be the sentiments of Lady C. and Julia, upon this head; but I can assure you, upon my own part, I should have been greatly rejoiced, if my brother had made choice of you as a wife: I should have acknowledged you with high pleasure for my sister; and he need not have stood upon fortune: If he loved you, he might, had he so pleased, have married you, with such a fine clear estate as his, and so much ready money besides.

Ready money! repeated she, eagerly: Ah, Miss Harrington! instead of that, he has——But I must not tell you—I have promised him never to disclose that secret.

Nay, Miss Randall, said my aunt, now indeed you do not act right; you ought not to be upon the reserve to us. How, my dear, shall we be able to plead your cause, if you don't tell us all the merits of it? Pray inform me what you meant by your seeming objection, to what Cordelia

delia said, about Sir William's having ready money by him.

I know he has not any, Madam, answered she.

Oh, Lord! Miss Randall, cried I, how vastly you are mistaken! Why, to my certain knowledge, my father left enough to pay all our fortunes, and 15,000*l.* besides.

Are you certain of this, Miss Harrington? said she.

Certain, my dear! replied I; yes, indeed I am, for it appeared so by my late father's will.

Well then, said she, he has acted a vile part by me—and wept bitterly.

Why, my dear girl, returned I, what is the matter now? Do you cry, because I tell you my brother has, for certain, got 15,000*l.* clear of his estate?

No, Madam, no, answered she—I am glad he has—I wish him well, notwithstanding he has been so base to me. Ah, wicked man! how could he tell me such an untruth, in order to draw me into his wiles?

What

What untruth, my dear? said I. How did he draw you in?

Oh, Miss Harrington! answered she, the reason he gave for not marrying me, for a long time to come, was a debt he told me he had contracted by gaming; a debt of 10,000l.

A wicked wretch! exclaimed I; he never gamed in his life: Among all his faults, that never could be laid to his charge. But don't let me interrupt you; pray, my dear, go on. She did so—

With such an incumbrance upon his estate, besides your fortune and Miss Julia's, which he said he must cut down timber in order to pay, to be sure it was prudent for us, in all respects, to wait; because, as he observed, since our union must be with the utter disapprobation of all your family, you and Miss Julia might thereupon call in your money, which to pay immediately, and the debt also considered, must absolutely ruin him.

I was blinded, continued she, by my good opinion of him, and believed all he said, thinking his sincerity equal to my

my own. This had like to have undone me: I put myself, from that confidence quite into his power; he abused that power; yet, thank God, I have escaped him!

Oh, Julia, Julia! what a sad vile wretch is this brother of ours! not to scruple telling a most abominable lie, in order to deceive the poor girl. Here was a plot! and again, our anger! yes truly, that was a fine pretence; he stood in great fear of that! What a rage I am in with him! Well, however, Letitia has escaped him, and that is a comfort.

She has promised, as soon as ever she is able, to write an account of that which befel her since she quitted London, till her arrival in Bath; which account, sister, when my aunt and I have read it, I will send to you, that you may read it, together with aunt Montague, and then let Lady C. have it, to whom I suppose you write all you know about the affair. As to what happened before that event, Letitia says, she will tell you all concerning it, when she next sees you,
there

there being too many particulars to be penned down. I hope too, she will oblige my aunt and me in the same manner, when she gets a little better. A parcel of letters she talked of, which my brother has from time to time sent her: Curious things, I make no question!

You may tell Sir William or not, just as you think fit, of Letitia's being with us, for she is quite safe from all his attempts, while in the protection of aunt Crawford, and

Your

CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Miss HARRINGTON to Lady C.

New Bond-street, April 5.

Yesterday, my dear sister, brought to my hands your letter; and, by what I have felt in my own breast, I can very well conceive the lively sorrow which you express for our brother's wickedness, and the misery of poor Miss Randall.

Randall. But I hope to-day, you will receive my last, giving you an account of her safety; which will, in your bosom, as it has done in mine, dissipate that poignant grief, which has, for this week past, drove me almost to distraction upon her account: For, indeed, such was my situation, till I received Cordelia's letter.

The relation of her misfortune, Miss Randall intends to pen down, I will send you, as soon as I receive and have read it, which I very much long to do. Poor girl! though the man is my *brother*, I sincerely wish all the blame may lie upon him; men can support such charges well enough, for *one false step* does not *entirely damn their fame*, as it is the case with women. I therefore hope Letitia will be able to clear herself from having intentionally incurred this danger; for the errors of the judgment ought ever to be allowed for, since the wisest persons are liable to mistake, if they, upon any occasion, omit consulting their reason, and suffer themselves to be led away by passion.

sion. This may, in many cases, be forgiven; but if they do consult reason; if they commit a wrong action upon cool deliberation, knowing at the same time they take such a step, it is not right, then are they wholly inexcusable, which I hope will not be Letitia's case; for I sincerely love the girl, and therefore, heartily wish she may not have acted in a manner to give me cause to change my good opinion of her.

My brother pays no visits at our house; he is, I dare say, afraid of Mrs Montague and me. She, good woman, is now pure well and easy again, as she knows the girl is safe; but inveighs most bitterly against her nephew for his vile conduct, threatening to give him a severe lecture when she next sees him, which, I suppose, he'll mind greatly. Ah, Lady C. what signifies lectures from aunts or sisters to men like him! men who have such an ample portion of sense given them, and who are so capable of reasoning well upon every subject, if they will give themselves time to reason! They need
not

not have, upon any occasion, a better monitor than their conscience, she is ever ready to advise them ; but if they will be deaf to her repeated remonstrances, it is not to be thought, they will attend much to the arguments used by a parcel of women relations.

However, that we may not omit doing all in our power for the service of a brother, when you, Lady C. have read over Letitia's account of the affair, I wish you would write to him upon the subject, for you have a manner of writing which will touch the heart, if any thing can. I shall talk to him, if he comes in my way, but hope no great success from that, since I have but too much of his temper in me. I own, I am apt to be led away by passion, and, when people are under the dominion of passion, their arguments are very poor—all flash ! a sudden blaze, and easily extinguished.

I cease now to have Sir William's motions watched, so really can't tell where, or how he spends his time, for Lord S. is a perfect stranger to both, he never

being at home but when in bed. Renholds comes to him most mornings, and then out they fall together, very often not even seeing their once dear Charles. I wonder my brother does not change his quarters, and lodge with his beloved Jack; then the dear friends never need be a moment separated, but night and day lay their wise heads together, in order to contrive new schemes of wickedness, or carry on their old ones.

How they are puzzled now, I'll warrant, upon the present occasion! and, as to my brother, I dare say he is very sufficiently vexed; for I make no question he loved Miss Randall with a most violent uncontrollable passion, which kind of passion I conclude suffers more, just at first, than a true affection, founded upon a virtuous principle, does when disappointed. A virtuous love may implore the assistance, in such a case, of all the *virtues* (of which patience is one) and thereby receive redress and consolation, as reason comes in pouring her balm upon the mind; but an unlawful flame can't
hope

hope for this, but burns unchecked, consuming itself, and tormenting the bosom that cherished it.

Well, I don't care how much my brother suffers; the more he feels, the better it will be for him: And, though I could dispel part of his trouble, by letting him know the girl is safe. I won't do it, till I hear what she has to alledge against him: But then, with my charge quite perfect, I will make my attack, and tell him of her present situation. Till when, let him form what conjectures about it he pleases; let him think that she is dead; that she has fallen into the hands of some other man, or any thing to torment him; for, on this occasion, the more torment he undergoes, the better I shall be pleased.

I hope, the next time I write, to be able to send you Letitia's narrative.
Love to Lord C.

Yours,

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER LXXIII.

From the same, to Miss CORDELIA
HARRINGTON.

New Bond-street, April 5.

NO letter I ever received in all my life before, gave me such a sensible satisfaction as your last: For, my dear Cordelia, I never suffered more than upon the account of Miss Randall, while her situation was unknown to me.

Tell her that her innocent plot succeeded; for Sir William went directly to her cousin's, where he made a most strange bustle, searching every room in the house in order to find her; which not doing, he would have it, they concealed her somewhere else, and, upon that supposition, kept two men to watch the door, hoping, by that means, to trace out the place of her abode.

In this state of uncertainty I choose at present to let him remain; thinking it no more than strict justice, that he should
suffer

suffer as severely as possible for the troubles he has given my *friend*. Yes, Cordelia, pray assure Miss Randall, I still am her *sincere friend*, and can promise the same for Mrs Montague and Lady C. Poor girl! her affliction must be very heavy, and we ought therefore to do all in our power to lighten it.

I never had sent the least tidings to Mr Randall of his daughter's being carried off; indeed, so dreadful was the subject, I could not write about it to him; and as I did not, while I apprehended she was in danger, I think there is no occasion for it, now I know she is safe: At least not to tell him *all* the circumstances of the affair. Tell Letitia therefore, my dear, that I now intend to send him the following account.

‘ That Miss Randall’s charms unfortunately attracted the notice of a man of great fashion, who would have had her consent to be his upon unlawful terms, which she rejecting with a proper disdain, and thereupon, putting herself into the protection of our family, in order to be safe from his snares, we
‘ thought,

‘ thought, as he generally resided in London, it would not be adviseable for her to stay there, and had accordingly sent her to Mrs Crawford’s at Bath, where, it was my opinion, she would be much safer than at her father’s, for some time to come. That the hurry of this affair has greatly affected her spirits, and is the reason why her sister has not heard from her as usual; but that if Mr Randall, or Miss Charlotte, will now send her a letter to Bath, directed for her, at Mrs Crawford’s in Queen’s-square, I hope she will be well enough recovered to answer it to their satisfaction.’

To this purpose, I shall write a letter to Mr Randall, when I have finished this to you; but, Cordelia, be sure Miss Randall takes sufficient notice of the heads I have penned down, so as that the answer she sends to her father’s or sister’s letter, may correspond in all respects with the account I send them. Let us both be in one story, in which I hope the little deviation from the real truth is pardonable; it being made use of in order to keep in tolerable ease the breast of a tender parent,

rent, and to screen from his knowledge the fault of my own brother. 'Tis true indeed, my brother has been wicked enough to deserve all manner of shame; but then, Cordelia, the women of every family should consider, that they can't expose an *husband* or a *brother*, without in some measure sharing the disgrace themselves: Since, if the bad actions of a man are brought to light, (though I think it very unjust it should be so) they are apt to cast an odium upon his innocent family. Women then, as far as is consistent with *Honour*, (Oh, hang that nasty word!—I hate it—see, Cordelia, I have scratched my pen through it; 'tis a vile implement of naughty men, and should be discarded by woman) *Virtue* I will say, *Virtue* is the guardian of women; well then, every woman, as far as is consistent with *virtue*, should endeavour to hide the faults of such men as are near relations; should be the last to disclose their failings, lest they harden them against that sense of shame, which may one day be the happy means of reclaiming them.

Let

Let us then, my dear Cordelia, endeavour, as much as possible, to draw a sisterly veil over the fault our brother has committed. Let us not mention the affair to any of the most dear or intimate friends; and not only upon his account, but Letitia's also, it is necessary for us to be thus circumspect, since, if it was publicly known in the world, that she had been carried off by a man for bad purposes, remaining near a whole night in his power, it would, in the eye of many persons, be such a stain upon her reputation as could never be expunged.

Those women who have really been faulty themselves, and never found out, are ever glad to lay hold of any opportunity where they can censure others of their sex, who have been tried and withstood the trial. They hate a fortitude in others they had not themselves; and therefore, if there is the least occasion for it, will do all in their power to injure a character, their own conscience tells them, if all their actions were known, they would have no right or pretence to.

It

It is really mighty well I have no actual business of my own to transact, I have so much at present for other people. As soon as I have finished this, I shall write to Mr Randall; after dinner go to Chambers's, and shew them the letter, begging them, if they write into Hampshire, to let their accounts correspond with mine; and if any body inquires about Miss Randall, to say she is gone very ill to Bath, not for the world discovering the truth to any of their town acquaintance.

Now I think, Cordelia, by my taking all these precautions for him, Sir William will run no fear of discovery; he has nothing to do but to keep his own council, and then he will be safe; and if he chooses to go down to his own seat, as I have managed it, Mr Randall, instead of upbraiding him, (poor good man!) will be full of gratitude for the assistance our family have lent his child. Now, Cordelia, this would be delightful; what a simple figure would our brother cut! and how his guilty conscience would be stung, while such compliments were paid him. Therefore in case he should take it into
his

his head to go to the hall, lest his surprise upon being so talked to by the girl's father, instead of being upbraided, should make him liable to discover himself, I will, if I hear he is going to set out, give him a proper intimation of what I have done in the affair; and then he may know from whence Mr Randall's gratitude springs, and account for the thanks he bestows upon our family in general, for protecting his daughter from a man who would have ruined her.

I really did not think, sister, I had been such a deep plotter! Why, what a profound politician in these matters I seem to be! So many schemes all depending one upon another, and yet hanging all together in proper connection. If I had been a man with a bad heart and such abilities, I might have done a great deal of mischief; therefore, I thank God, that instead of *brother*, I am able to sign myself

Your truly affectionate *sister*,

JULIA HARRINGTON.

End of the THIRD VOLUME.



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